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March 24, 1876.-tf. EVAN MICHAELS.

A SETTLER'S STORY.

When I first purchased this farm, said my old host, it was a wild and rugged tract of country, lying in the midst of what was then an uncultivated and almost pathless mountain region. The only road through it was that from Fincastle, in Virginia, to Knoxville, in Tennessee—a route at that time, but little frequented, especially in winter; and the sole habitation in sight of my own "squatter" settlement was a log house, standing near the road, bearing a rude inscription on its front, informing the passer-by that there was to be found "entertainment for man and beast."

The keeper of the "tavern" as it was called, was an old man past seventy, whose whole household consisted of his wife, a year or two younger than himself, a negro boy named Jack, and a huge black cat, called Derrick. Jack worked the bit of garden and cornfield, and tended the horses of what few guests necessity compelled to stop here over night. Both the old man and his house had rather a bad repute, in consequence of the latter having been in former days the haunt of a certain gang of horse thieves who had infested that part of the country, and with whom old Burnett had been more than suspected to have private dealings. However this may have been, people preferred, when it was possible, to press onward to another house of entertainment, some twelve miles distant, rather than take lodgings for the night with Burnett and his "old woman"—even though age had rendered them helpless and infirm for any thing but the legitimate business to which they now confined themselves.

It became my custom to go over to the tavern about once or twice a month for the chance of meeting with some passing guest from whom I could hear news of the outer world, or perhaps, make purchases of clothing and provisions. Indeed, it was upon this source that the Burnett's depended for most of their supplies, especially in winter. They were not lazy, but singularly improvident, raising no stock, and keeping but a cow and a few chickens which yielded them milk and eggs; whilst for meal, bacon, potatoes, and the like staples they trusted either to their neighbors or the passing provision wagons. They were very close in their dealings, always giving as little and taking as much as they could, and, indeed, it was their inordinate greed of money which I most disliked in the old couple. I was willing, in view of their age and helplessness, to assist them as far as I could; but I disliked to see them grinning and mumbling over the money I paid, as though the very sight or feel of it were a delight.

One cold, bleak day in January I set out for Knoxville, wishing to procure some seeds and other things, in view of the approaching spring planting. My way lay past the tavern, and seeing two strangers in the yard tending their horses, whilst old Burnett was chopping off the head of a tough old hen who must have been the ancestress of a dozen generations, I pulled up my own horse and stopped for a brief chat. The travelers, I found, were going my way, and only waited for the promised chicken, and bacon and dried peas to resume their journey; and for the sake of company, I agreed to wait and ride with them, And partly to be sociable and partly because I liked, as I have said, to do the old people any little help in my power, I requested to have dinner served for me along with the others.

It was a poor repast enough, as even old Burnett had the grace to acknowledge, though he refused to abate a cent of the exhorbitant charge. It was not his fault, he said, that the dinner was not better. His provisions were nearly out, and he and his old woman were depriving themselves for our sakes of what they would likely need, unless those wagons came along to-morrow or the next day. And there was his boy Jack, had only two days ago ran off with a Yankee peddler, and the cow had not been home since, there being nobody to fetch her from the meadows; and his old woman down with the rheumatics as helpless as a newborn baby. In short he was in a peck of trouble, with everything dependent on his hands; and we could not have the conscience, seeing how things stood, to expect him to charge less than he had done, for even the poor meal he had been able to give us. In fact, he doubted if he was not doing ill to part with any of his little remaining store of food; for nobody knew but what bad weather might set in and prevent the wagons from coming on. In that case there would be nothing left but for him and his old woman to eat the cat.

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the immense cat, which, with tail erect and back arched, was stalking around the table, rubbing against and clawing the legs of the guests. This creature was a great favorite with the old man, though disliked by his wife, and he was now evidently surprised to observe that the cat, instead of reciprocating his caresses, suddenly started from his touch with a side-long spring, backed into a corner and there stood with its hair all on end, and its great yellow eyes fixed upon its master with a look that was almost diabolical.

"What on airth ails the critter, I wonder?" mumbled the old lady from her bed in the corner of the room. "He's been in tantrum ever since this mornin,' and all last night I heard him scratchin' and clawn' at the winder here, and yellin' enough to set a body crazy. What evil sperit's got into him I can't guess."

"It's only that he smells so'thing a comin," responded her lord, with a grim humor. "You know it's said cats can smell when there's agoin' to be a corpse in the house, and no doubt this critter scents beef and bacon on the way from Knoxville. Don't you, now, Derrick?"

Derrick only responded by a snarl which exhibited every one of his long, sharp fangs; and straightway commenced kneading and clawing on the floor, with his nails projecting an inch from his great paws. In his whole aspect was something so fierce and malicious that it aroused the ire of even his master.

"Quit that now, you ugly black rascal!" he shouted; "and larn to behave yourself afore folks!" And seiziug the iron poker, he flung it full at the animal. The creature gave a yell like that of a wild cat, sprang upon the bed where lay its mistress and there stood, hissing and spluttering like a fury, until the old woman, with what feeble strength she possessed, strove to fling it aside. She would probably not have succeeded but for her husband, who, coming to her aid with a good sized stick, hunted the creature round the room, and finally, seizing it by the tail, flung it through the window into the yard. But, before our meal was concluded, I saw again the white fangs and great yellow eyes gleaming in at the window.

"I would shoot that cat, if I were you, Burnett," I said.

"So I often tell him," chimed in the wife, "and I don't know but what I'll do it myself, if he won't. He ain't o' no airthly use, even to cotch a rat for himself, and he eats as much as any humau critter, besides bein' always in the way, worriting round, and stealing everything he can lay his claws on——"

A dash against the glass and a fierce snarl drew our attention to the window; but before the host could reach it, the creature had again disappeared. As I rode away in company with the strangers, I caught a glimpse of the cat perched upon the ridge of the roof, tail erect and teeth gleaming—like a spirit of evil brooding over some doomed dwelling.

That night we reached a stopping-place about half way to Knoxville. Here we found the wagons old Burnett was expecting; he having received information from some one who had passed them on the road. The teamsters told me they had stopped some hours earlier than they might have done, in consequence of an apprehended change in the weather. And in fact, upon rising the next morning, I found a heavy snow had set in—one of those slow, steady falls that last generally for days together, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or two everywhere, and so completely blocking up the narrow mountain roads as to render them impassable. Under these circumstances, I was not surprised to learn that the wagons had set off at daybreak, hoping to reach the more practicable though less direct route known as the valley road. I myself, with my fellow-travelers, lost no time in pushing onward, before the snow should have become deeper and the road more difficult; and we succeeded in reaching Knoxville late in the afternoon.

Business and bad weather detained me in Knoxville upwards of two weeks; and the heavy snow-storm had yielded to a slight thaw, when I again found myself on the road, homeward bound. My progress was slow and difficult, in consequence of the swollen torrents which sometimes crossed the way, and the huge drifts of snow which obstructed the road, especially in places where it was steep, or lay between high banks. More than once I had to dismount, and work at the huge drifts with my own hands, before I could force my horse through; and it was with a feeling of more than ordinary satisfaction that, toward the close of the second day of my journey, I began to descry familiar landmarks, announcing my near approach to home.

I reached at length an eminence about three miles from my house, where I for a moment paused, and took in a view of the landscape. There was nothing to be seen but snow; snow on the hills, snow in the valleys, snow covered the naked woods, and almost hiding my humble little dwelling. Right at my feet, as it seemed, I could descry the low, gray walls of old Burnett's tavern; and I noticed at the first glance that there was no sign of smoke issuing from its chimney.

Why this circumstance should have struck me as it did, I can't say. A strange sense of fear and horror seemed suddenly to fall upon me—a consciousness of something wrong—an impulse to urge my horse onward—though with no distinct aim or object in view. And as we stumbled forward through the heaped up snow, the horror was increased on observing that the snow-drifts were unbroken—the ten days' fall of snow untracked by footstep of man or beast. For the first time my fears began to take a definite shape; and pitiless for my poor horse, I urged him onward, even with blows.

The place I found a picture of desolation. All around the house and yard the snow lay, white and unbroken. In huge drifts it covered the road, and piled up against the fences, the stable, the well-curb, and—yes—against the house door. Had, then, the aged couple abandoned their desolate abode, and betaken themselves to some neighbor's for a time—perhaps, as I hoped, to my own home—that being the nearest. Or had they—horrible thought—had they, deprived by the snow-storm of the provisions they had expected, devoured what remained of their scanty store, and then, as the old man had with a grim humor predicted, either starved or eaten the cat?

With a heart that had almost ceased its beating I approached the house, looking in vain for some sign of life; listening for some sound betoken human presence.—Everywhere was a profound, death-like stillness, save when now and then an icicle fell from the eaves into the snow with a sort of muffled sound, or the crazy old wooden shutter creaked slowly and faintly in the scarcely perceptible breeze.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a shriek, or yell, so loud and sharp that it seemed to pierce through my brain. I looked up; there in the window stood the well-remembered black cat, his back up, his hair bristling, and his huge tail waving too and fro, glaring now at me and then at something within, which he seemed to regard with a peculiar and ferocious interest. He appeared to have grown to almost double his former size, and his swollen and bloated body assured me that he at least had not starved. But the exultant diabolical expression of his grinning fangs and glaring eyes, as well as triumphant walk, I can find no words to describe.

I advanced to the door, and with but little effort pushed it open. But as I did so I heard again the yell, and felt something strike me on the breast and the grip of sharp teeth and claws on my neck. And with rage and horror, such as one feels within the slimy coils of a serpent, I grasped the hateful thing—the ghoul-like black cat—and hurled him in blind fury against the wall; and then, as he lay there kicking and writhing, I saw that my hands were covered with cold, clotted blood, that there was blood on the wall, on the floor, on the bed, and, merciful heaven! what else was there I dare not attempt to describe.

With what sick sorrow I rushed out of that house I need not tell. But when in an hour's time I returned with my brother Mark and our two negro men, the black cat had disappeared.

We at first thought that the old woman was, like her husband, lifeless, but proper remedies revived her. She was starving, and her hands and her face were fearfully lacerated. She told us feebly, afterward, of the terrible sufferings of those days; how they had watched for the wagons that had never came, and how the snow storm had prevented their seeking aid at any house; until in the pangs of hunger the old man had taken his meat-knife with the intention of sacrificing the cat. The struggle between the two was fearful; and in it her husband had fallen, striking his forehead against a projection of the iron fire-dog. She had heard his moans once or twice, but had been unable to help him or even to turn in the bed. And the rest we shuddered to imagine.

We took the best possible care of her, but she never recovered from her shock.

For myself, I have never since been able to endure the sight of a black cat; nor will I on any account allow one in my house.

I may add that for years afterward, and in some instances even to the present day, it was the superstitious belief of the country that old Burnett's cat haunted the house where these horrors occurred. He was certainly seen in the woods the summer following, wild and ferocious, but though we made several attempts to hunt him down, could never succeed.

And now, sir, do you think it just possible that that animal could have comprehended his master's words when the latter threatened to eat him, and have resolved in his own mind, to turn the tables and eat his master?

HE HAD NO MOTHER.—The other day when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner to stand up and offer objections, if he had any, to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner rose and said;

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me!,"

His words entered every heart in the court room. He was a rough, bad man, in the middle age of life and he had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened toward him as his lips uttered the words. He felt what he said and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:

"If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears, some one to plead with me and pray for me. I should not now be what I am!"

Ah! That's it! There is a power in a mother's love, in her tears, pleadings and prayers, whose influence is hardly to be realized. God pity the lad who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his griefs and troubles—no mother to put her arms around his neck and beseech Heaven to keep him pure! There is no heart like a mother's. Her child may wound it again and again, yea pierce it with a sword and its last pulsations will still beat with love for the ingrate. It is the first to excuse his faults, the last to condemn. The man who looks back over his childhood and youth regrets nothing as much as that he has brought tears of sorrow and sadness to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother sheds over a wayward child is recorded in the great book and he shall answer for it.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

Here we sit side by side, one behind another, all in rows. Our umbrellas and traveling-bags and shawl-straps over head, our dusters about us, each armed with a ticket which the conductor occasionally punches, with what motive he alone knows. The majority wearing his or her most discontented expression of countenance, and in every mind an occasional thought of collision or overset, as the whistle gives an exceptionally shrill shriek.

Brothers and sisters in our objects, our discomforts and our danger, as we are whirled to the next station behind the great iron-horse, but by no means so because of any brotherly love that the situation awakens in us; for each seems to blame his unknown neighbor for all the untoward circumstances of travel which are assuredly under no one's control.

At all events, the gentleman yonder evidently thinks that that lady behind him was instrumental in getting that cinder into his eye, for, having coaxed it out, he turns and glares at her, and says: "Have you any objection to having this window shut, ma'am?" in tones which prove how his wife catches it, when his dinner doesn't suit him.

Poor little spinster! Some such thoughts crossed her mind, I think. She has been tugging at that window for an hour, and has looked very much as if some one, strong enough to shut it, at her side, would be a comfort, but now an expression of pure content settles down upon her features.—Yes, my dear, he might have been like that, and it is much better as it is, very much better. You had best not look behind you, though. There is a picture calculated to make every woman say "Yes" to the question, "Will you have me?"

A tableau of two, both young and handsome, their eyes so full of tenderness; their clothes so new, their hearts so light—sitting so very straight in their seats when we have just passed through a tunnel! Honeymoon written all over them—the only people on the car who are not hot and tired and drowsy. Heaven pity folks who have not had a honeymoon. No, don't look around, my dear.

A family party yonder: Pa; ma; nurse in a cap; baby with a bottle, poisoning itself; little boy of three, bellowing twins of five eating cake; seven year old boy pinching his nine year old sister; a young lady of fourteen and a young gentleman of sixteen trying to look as if they did not belong to the family. Will they all get there safe, under the wing of parental solicitude?—And will the establishment where they are to be boarded for the summer keep them in their present state of plumpness? each one fatter than the other, until the baby is simply a pink-and-white ball.

What a contrast to the old bachelor in the next seat, who looks as though some one had made jelly of him and thrown the bones away. Yet he seems harmless and lonely as does the excellent spinster yonder. If one could only make a match between them, now! They seem to be so perfectly suited to each other. Probably, however, if one inquired, he would not consider her young enough, and she would not think him as handsome as he should be. People's taste for youth and personal beauty in the other sex does not seem to expire with their own, by any means.

Am I sorry for that young exquisite or not? He had managed to get himself so nicely fixed—a seat next the window on the shady side, the rest of it for his portmanteau, his umbrella and his hat box, and he was so trim and dapper and cool and happy. He was not going to move his belongings, not he, until some elegantly dressed damsel entered without escort. Vainly old ladies gazed at the seat, and old gentlemen stood hesitating. Away they went to roast on the sunny side of the car, for aught he cared. But Sally Maria Slocum, who got on at Punkin Bridge—we know her name because it is marked in white on her traveling bag—did not wait for things to be moved. She sat down; and now our exquisite holds his umbrella in one hand and its handle in the other, and at his feet lies a flattened hat box, into which he dares not look; while Sally Maria, in her rose-be-strewn hat and blanket shawl, eat peaches with soft spots in them, and besprinkles him with the juice.

No need of pitying him; he pities himself enough.—*M. K. D. in Philadelphia Ledger.*

WEBSTER AND THE DRIVER.—On one occasion Mr. Webster was on his way to his duties at Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper place for outrage), and here I confess my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and with a gruff voice inquired my name. I gave it to him. "Where are you going?" said he. The reply was "to Washington. I am a Senator." Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, "how glad I am. I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you I took you for a highwaymau." Of course both parties were relieved.

HE WAS MAD.—On the bank of the Saco River, not a thousand miles from Conway, lived Mark Wentup. Mark was an industrious man—a farmer in a small way—and willing to work for all who wished to hire him. In temperament Mark was sanguine and hearty, and he led if not a blameless life, a life about as clear in its daily record as are the average of lives. In that section, and in that time, and among the people who went to make up the society in which he moved, it would have been a marvel indeed if Mark had not occasionally moistened his lips with a beverage somewhat stronger than tea. His appetite for strong drink was not his master, and yet, once in every year, he gave that appetite full sway. On the day of town meeting Mark drank liberally. It was a day by him set apart for a good time, and when the day came he was sure to have it.

On a certain town meeting day, when the political fever ran high, Mark drank freely—so freely that on his way homeward the breadth of the road trombled him more than did its length. His cottage stood upon a bluff, and directly back of his out-buildings the river's bank had an almost perpendicular height of thirty feet or more. Arrived at home, Mark sought the rear of his barn, probabty there to lie quietly down and repose, but in his uncertain gait he made a misstep, and fell over the bank, rolling like a log from top to bottom, and bringing up against a board fence, where he lay for a little time bereft of sense. But his wife had seen him approach, had watched him go behind the barn, and had come out just in season to see him pitch over the bank. Of course she was very soon by his side, and ere long he was upon his feet, with no bones broken, and without serious injury of any kind. But his wife fancied she had made a discovery.

"Mark!—Mark Wentup!" she exclaimed, with look and tone of intense scorn, "you've been drinking!—you're drunk!"

He straightened himself instanter, and flashed back an indignant, heroic look of denial.

"No—o, I ain't d—d—runk, but, by Jerew (*hic*) s'lum *I'm 'bom'able mad!*"

S. C., JR.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.—A neighbor found a slip of paper the other day which from the following memoranda penciled on the sheet would seem to indicate a laudable desire on the part of some German Bible reader to come familiar with leading Biblical personages and events by nothing and abstract for the purpose of memorizing:

Ve vound id ond by der book dot Adam [I forgot his oder name] vos de firstests man.

Eve wer der nexed. Von day dey got trouble[d] eibout eading some qvinces and vas kicked out of der garten.

Cain and Able was the firstest shildren. Cain got mad und put a head on his brudder und den lit oud. He vas one pad boy.

Yonah vas a visherman. Von day he gone to der goose pint to catch shrimps, und ven he vas looking for bait, he valked right away of a vhale's mout in. But der vhale make him poody gwick valk oud again. He vos too strong mit de fishes stummix.

Yoseph's big brudder got yellous of him because he vore a striped goat, und sold him for $20. Und after avile give um some roasding ears und make it all right.

Solomon knew more as everypody. He don vood cut a little boy in bieces to settle a disturbance mit two gals. He said it was petter to gone the whole hog or none.

Sam's sons (I don't hear he mudder's name), vos de strongest. He vos a bruiser. He got fighten mit a dozen fellows, und he clean um oud mit a jackass' bone.

Yob vos der pashentest man. Yon could stick pins in him all tay und he wouldn't holler.

Lazarus vos der boor man. Dey don't give no free lunch dese tays, und he vos always skirmiushin' around for de grumbs.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE.—A very extraordinary case of suspended animation was revealed at No. 137 Delancy street, in this city, a few days ago. The victim of it is a Swedish girl aged twenty-two, named Anna Froben. She was taken suddenly while at work with a stroke of what was called paralysis, and fell dead to the floor. The alarmed family called in a physician, Dr. Lindenborn, who examined the body and pronounced the girl dead. Her relatives were sent for, and a brother soon arrived. By this time the girl's face had turned blue and there was every evidence that she was a corpse. But, to everybody's astonishment, the brother declined to believe it, and declared that she was only in a trance and had been subject to such fits for many years. The friends of the girl were indignant at this statement, and sent forthwith for an undertaker to prepare the body for interment. The man of coffins and shrouds arrived, and joined with the physician in pronouncing the girl to be dead beyond possibility of doubt. He proved it by dropping hot sealing-wax upon the breast, and as the body gave no sign of life it was concluded that the undertaker was right. The body was placed on ice for the night. In the morning the undertaker returned to complete his preperations, when to his horror the girl started up, and exclaimed, "I am so cold,"—a natural result of being on ice all night. She was taken to a fire, and in a short time was able to converse. She said her brother was right and once before she had been laid out for burial. The physician was recalled, and pronounced the case a very remarkable one. —*New York Letter.*

SHE led him to a sofa and in a deep bass voice called him her soul's idol and inquired what his a monthly income was. Seeing his gaze fixed on her boa-constrictor like mouth, she remarked: "Darling, I see you notice my large and beautiful mouth, let me explain to you the reason of its unusual size. When I was quite a child I was playing on pappy's cellar door. It gave way; I was precipitated down into the basement and caught by the mouth on a projecting hook, which ripped up my mouth several inches." With his eyes full of sympathetic tears, he rose from the sofa, and replied as he made towards the door; "My angel, you are perhaps mistaken. Probably in the excitement of that awful moment you left your mouth down in the basement and accidently brought up the cellar door. We shall meet again in a better world. Adieu."

A PAIR of cuffs—two darkeys.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Nov. 10, 1876.

In the campaign just closed no man did more effective service for Tilden and reform than Pennsylvania's eloquent and patriotic son, Hon. Wm. A. Wallace. All honor to such faithful and fearless Democrats.

PENNSYLVANIA has gone Republican by a very meagre majority—probably not more than 8,000 and certainly not more than 15,000. Outside of Philadelphia the Democrats have a clear majority in the State of not less than 6,000 or 7,000, while in that city Rowan, the radical ring candidate for Sheriff, has been defeated by about 20,000.

WE are not able as yet to give the official vote in this district on Congress, but the reported majorities in the several counties outside of our own, the returns of which are of course official, foot up as follows: Bedford, for Reilly, about 400; Somerset, for Campbell, 1,340; Blair, for Campbell, about 750—making the latter's majority in the district, which is able under ordinary circumstances to give 1,000 majority for that party, little if any beyond 300. In the Senatorial district our candidate, Mr. Conrad, is defeated by eight or nine hundred. And that is about all the information we can give on the subject at present writing.

IF there is any one thing more than another for honest men of all parties to rejoice over, it is the defeat of the desperate radical ring which has done so much during the campaign just closed to demoralize and bring reproach upon the people of this county, not only in a political but in a moral sense of the word, The unsparing and unblushing use of money and the open and shameless buying of voters like sheep in the shambles, to say nothing of a free flow of intoxicating beverages, were the means adopted to accomplish the end aimed at and that all their disreputable doings have proved inadequate to the task is indeed a subject of congratulation and sincere thankfulness which honest and true men, no matter what their political sentiments, should take an earnest pride in wherever the facts are fully known and properly appreciated.

THE true and faithful among the Democracy of Cambria county, and their name is legion, deserve to be congratulated in an especial manner upon the success of our whole county ticket and particularly upon the election of our candidate for Sheriff, against whom the most infamous and relentless war was waged and the basest means used to accomplish his overthrow. Never in the history of our county has such a revolting picture been presented as the one held up to public gaze by the desperate radical ring which fought for ascendancy and endeavored by ways that were dark and tricks that were vain to capture one of the best offices within the gift of the people of little Cambria. And that they did not succeed is owing entirely to the unremitting efforts of the faithful sentinels upon the watch-tower of Democracy, to the largely increased vote of the county, and to the fact that nothing was left undone to secure a full poll and an honest expression of public opinion. Were it not for all these results combined we might to-day be called upon to deplore a radical victory won by one of the worst elements that has ever entered the political arena in Cambria county. Thank God, however, that their lavish expenditure of large sums of money to corrupt Democratic voters, their oft repeated attempts to secure their cherished object by parading affidavits which were either false in themselves or without application to the matter at issue, and their thousand and one other plots and counterplots to defeat Mr. Ryan, have all failed to bear the much wished for fruit. Of Mr. Davis himself, now that he has by the will of the people been forced to retire once more to the shades of private life, we have no wish to say a disparaging word, knowing full well that the defeat he richly merited, if not for his own sake at least for the sake of the desperate ring that surrounded and goaded him on to his own political ruin, is a load sufficiently heavy for even his broad shoulders to bear. We cannot but express the hope, however, that he has learned a lesson that will either keep him out of politics for all time to come or else induce him and his friends to conduct future campaigns on a much higher plane of political principle and moral rectitude than has marked the one that has just closed with so much disaster to the desperate men of the radical faith who took an active part in it.

ON the morning after the election the Republican press and people very generally conceded the victory to Tilden and Hendricks, but on Thursday morning the political atmosphere grew more Hayes-y, and up to nearly noon on Friday the news was of such a character as to leave the matter in doubt, though the probabilities of a Democratic triumph were by all odds the best. At the time mentioned, however, the matter was set at rest by the receipt of a dispatch from Lake City, Florida, announcing that the Democrats had carried the State by about 1,700, thus securing for Tilden and Hendricks four more electoral votes, which, added to the 184 already conceded to be certain, gives the Democratic candidates 188 votes, or three more than is really necessary to elect. In addition to all this, there is every reason to believe that Louisiana and South Carolina are all right for the good cause, and that their electoral votes, 15 in all, will be added to the Democratic column. With this gratifying intelligence we put our paper to press, confident as we are that no turn of events can possibly change the present aspect of affairs.

WITH the glad tidings of Tilden's election and the glorious triumph of the Democracy of Cambria over the despicable radical ring in this county, comes the sad thought that a good and true man has been stricken down in the person of our noble and faithful young Congressman, Hon. John Reilly, against whom not a word of disparagement could be uttered and to whom the people of this district owed a debt of gratitude which they should have been proud and anxious to repay by re-electing him to Congress. Why this has not been done it is useless now to inquire, but certain it is that no act of Mr. Reilly has alienated from him the confidence and trust of his fellow citizens of all parties, and his defeat therefore cannot be accepted as any reflection upon his honor and integrity.—Cambria county, we are glad to know, has done her entire duty toward him, and if his own county had come up to the work with anything like that unanimity which she owed to herself and her honored citizen, there would be quite a different and much more creditable story to tell at this particular juncture.

TILDEN'S HUMANITY.—A little incident which illustrates the innate humanity of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, is thus related by one of our most prominent physicians: "Not long since a poor woman who earned a precarious living by sewing died of cancer. During her life, among the families who employed her was that of Mr. Tilden.—When I was first called to see her I found her in a little room in a tenement house suffering from a painful cancer. Soon it became difficult for her to work, yet she was still employed at this gentleman's house, being permitted to do only what little she could without harm to herself, she being too proud to accept direct charity. Her good employer was elected Governor of the State. At this time the poor woman's disease had so rapidly increased that work was impossible. Many would now have advised and urged her to go with her loathsome cancer to the hospital. Not so with Mr. Tilden. She was taken from the tenement house to enjoy the comforts of that luxurious home in Twentieth street as long as she was willing to stay. There I attended her, and from that time, although never having had the privilege of seeing him, yet knowing a little of his heart through this one loop-hole, have ever since admired Samuel J. Tilden."

If a man is true to his fellow-men in the dangerous hour of pride of elevation to a great dignity, and amid a fierce struggle with city and State corruption, can he not be trusted with the care of a suffering nation?—*N. Y. Sun.*

Facts about Antonelli.

THE FORTUNE AND FAMILY OF THE DYING CARDINAL.—DEVOTED LIFE.

In a paragraph of this morning's issue of the *Sun*, says a writer in that paper, purporting to give a biographical sketch of the dying Cardinal Antonelli your informant, among other inaccuracies, says: "Although receiving, with other Cardinals, a salary of $4,000 per annum, he is provided with so many wealthy benefices that he has accumulated an immense fortune." I am certain that, like all true-hearted Americans who are lovers of the truth for its own sake, you would not willingly and knowingly utter a word that could injure the good name of the lowliest member of the community—especially if he were on his death-bed. Now, Giacomo Antonelli—perhaps at this moment before the judgment seat of Him who shall weigh the merits and demerits of us all—is most dear to the hearts of two hundred millions of Catholics, six millions of whom are American citizens. His good name is dear to us Catholics, if for no other reason, because he has been the life-long and honored servant of the Holy See, and has clung to the fortunes of the illustrious Pius IX. with a constancy that no weight or succession of calamities could shake, and with a courage proof alike against the threats of the assassin and the slanders of a hostile press.

You, sir, are not one who would learn history from a Nicolina, a Gavazzi, an Edmund About, or a Legge; you would not condemn, still less hang, a dog on their testimony. Yet, such are the sources—each lying voice re-echoing the utterance of its predecessor—from which our popular press have received the now widespread opinion that Cardinal Antonelli "has accumulated an immense fortune" from the benefices bestowed upon him by the Pope, or his clever manipulation of the Papal finances.

What is the truth about Cardinal Antonelli's fortune? He is the son of an Italian nobleman, noted throughout Italy for his great wealth and talent as a financier. The family is not a new one; there were Antonelli members of the College of Cardinals in the last century, and at the beginning of the present, when the celebrated statesman was but a babe; even then the family was neither obscure nor impoverished. Giacomo Antonelli inherited, like his brothers, a splendid fortune from his father, with his father's aptitude for business. When he entered the service of the church he brought his princely wealth with him, and used it as those best acquainted with the facts can testify, in a princely spirit. Even were he a poor man, disposed to grow rich on the revenues of his office or benefices, the times on which he fell, the gradual impoverishment and final suppression of all such benefices would have left Cardinal Antonelli but few opportunities of enriching himself or his family. As it was, even before the Piedmontese Gauls possessed themselves of Rome, the yearly salary of $4,000 allotted to each Cardinal from the revenues of his church, with the additional salary of $1,400 enjoyed by the Secretary of State, cannot strike any of your first-class Protestant pastors of New York as exhorbitant.—Moreover, since 1870, neither the Pope nor Cardinal Antonelli, nor indeed any one of the high officers of the Papal Court, ever accepted one dollar of salary from the usurping royal government. The heroic Secretary of State may have filled the duties attached to other onerous offices, with the abnegation displayed in discharging his own; but these additional labors, while increasing his rewards in another world, obtained him in this only such misrepresentations as that into which your informant was led incautiously.

Shall I tell you how such men as Cardinal Antonelli and the late Archbishop De Merode employed the princely patrimony they brought with them to the service of the Holy See in its darkest and most needy hour? There are still, in spite of ruthless suppressions and confiscations, many noble institutions of benificence and learning in Rome, in the Papal States, and throughout Italy, which were the recipients of continual munificent aid from both of these high minded prelates. There are among the students that have issued from the Propaganda, and its sister colleges in Rome, many a devoted priest and bishop, even here in our America, who could thrill your own, and all American hearts, naturally so generous, with numberless instances of the most delicate and bountiful charity on the part of the great Sonninese statesman, as well as on that of his old associate in the pontifical ministry.

To be sure, Cardinal Antonelli dwelt in an historical palace painted and furnished by Italian genius; so did De Merode; and so does the Pope himself, for that matter. But you, sir, whose superior knowledge and traveled experience have enabled you to see behind splendid surroundings the nude realities, you cannot but be aware that there is not a man on the editorial staff of the *Sun* at this moment whose habits are not more luxurious or expensive than the simple-hearted old Pontiff, and his proverbially abstemious minister. Antonelli's life was devoted to Pius IX. and for this we Catholics honor and revere his name; his presence was ever accessible to the injured, and his purse opened to the needy, and for this our common humanity will bless him. It were well for us, at the beginning of our second century of national life, if those who aspire to serve the State could bring to it a fortune that should place them above dependence, temptation and corruption. Let us wait and see whether or not the dying Cardinal will not have given to the needs of his aged master and the service of the universal church the remnants of the fortune received from his father.

—When the bandits made their recent raid in Minnesota on the Northfield Bank they captured near Mankato an inoffensive German named Dunning. After he had piloted them to a roadway which they wished to find, they calmly debated the question whether they should permit him to go on his way or kill him on the spot. After the question had been discussed quite freely a ballot was taken, and the German's life was saved by the vote of Charley Pitts, the robber, who was subsequently killed near Madelia. Dunning was compelled to take an oath that he would never speak of his experience to a human being. Never was mortal man so dreadfully scared! He could not shake off the panic terror. He moped about for a few weeks after the memorable interview, and was in momentary dread of the return of the bandits. He finally sold his effects, packed his chest, and started for the East, fully determined to put the ocean between himself and his captors.

THE remarkable passage of the White Star steamer Britannia from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in seven days thirteen hours and eleven minutes, has already been announced, as the shortest trans-Atlantic passage on record. It appears from her log that on two days of the passage she exceeded four hundred miles a day having made 402 miles November 1st, and 403 miles November 2d. Had it not been for strong westerly winds reducing her speed to 375 miles on November 3d, she might have even exceeded the remarkable quick time made. The total distance sailed was 2,795 miles, an average of nearly fifteen and one half miles an hour for the entire passage. On Nov. 1st and 2d her average speed was almost seventeen miles an hour.

Rescue at Sea.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF A SHIP'S CREW—THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK—LIVING ON SHARKS—RESCUE BY THE BRIG NELLIE WARE—THE CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

The brig Nellie Ware, Captain Ashbury, from Minatitlan, arrived at New York Thursday after a stormy voyage of forty days. Captain Ashbury made the following statement: We had fine weather to Thursday, October 19, when off Jupiter inlet we encountered a hurricane from east-northeast, blowing dead on shore, which was not very far distant. We carried considerable sail until it was all blown away. Kept constantly heaving the lead during the night, but could not exactly tell the depth. The last sounding we supposed to be about seventeen fathoms. At two A. M. our last sail was blown away and we were drifting to leeward very fast. At four A. M. the wind shifted to the southeast, when we wore ship and headed off shore. Friday, October 20, forenoon, a terrible gale was blowing from southwest which came in heavy pulls. At four P. M. that day the wind moderated and it cleared in the west. We got all hands to work and cleared the wreck. On Saturday, October 21, we made what sail we could and bore up for New York. The next day, Sunday, at seven A. M., in latitude 28 deg. 42 min. north, longitude 77 deg. 33 min. west, we saw a dismasted vessel about six miles to windward of us. In the afternoon we beat up to her and found her to be the schooner Katie P. Lunt (of Tremont Me.) Capt. Lopans and bound from Brunswick, Ga., for St. Jago (Cuba) with a cargo of pine lumber. She was in a most deplorable condition, her masts and jibboom gone and her decks swept clean. We sent a boat to her and took off her captain, his wife and crew and brought them to this port.

Captain Lopaus was interviewed and stated as follows: We sailed from Brunswick, Ga., on Sunday, October 15, with light westerly winds and fine weather. That night the wind shifted to the north and east, blowing fresh. On Monday it was blowing a strong breeze and we shortened sail. During the day the wind increased to a strong gale from northeast. The weather became hazy and the vessel began to leak. Next day, the weather moderating, we made all sail. During the night of Wednesday, the 18th, it blew a fresh gale from the northwest. We put the vessel under short sail and as she was leaking badly all hands were put at the pumps. Wednesday morning the wind moderated and came more from the eastward. At ten A. M. we wore ship to the northward and set the jib, with a heavy sea running from the southeast and the vessel laboring heavily and leaking badly. At this time we were in latitude 29 deg. 12 min. north, longitude 77 deg. 36 min. west. On Thursday, at noon, the wind and weather stood the same. In the afternoon the wind increased and we shortened sail. The barometer was unsteady. By midnight it was blowing heavy, the vessel being under three reefed sails, and all hands at the pumps. Friday, at daylight, there was every sign of a hurricane. All hands were kept at the pumps and the barometer kept falling fast. At half past nine A. M. the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, and we had to cut away the mainmast to right her, which carried away the foremast.—When she righted the decks were swept of everything—deck load, forward house and loose spars and gear. The vessel was full of water. It was blowing a hurricane. At 11 A. M. the barometer stood very low and the sea making a clean breach over the vessel and through the cabin, staving the bulkheads and everything in the cabin, and driving all hands on the top of the house, where they lashed themselves as best they could for safety. My wife with her child in her arms was washed off the house, but having a rope made fast around her she was hauled on board, but without the child, which was drowned. Myself and another child were washed in the cabin and nearly drowned. When I recovered myself the child was gone, having been washed through the cabin.

At midnight the wind shifted to the northwest, which made the wreck lay easier and gave us a little shelter in the after-companionway, which was not washed away. The weather moderating we took a look around and found the provisions, except a can of tomatoes and the water, all gone, and the deck split open. Saturday, the 21st, we kept a lookout for a sail, but none came in sight. Sunday we made a sail six miles, heading to the northeast; after awhile we made her out to be a brig, under short sail. We hoisted a shirt on a board as a signal to her, which she did not seem to see, as she kept on her course until noon, when she was almost out of sight; she then tacked and bore up for us. While the sail was coming toward us we caught a shark, which we managed to roast in an old stove we found. Partly roasted, we found it tasted good and sweet, but had no water to drink with it. At half-past four the wind was very light and the vessel coming very slowly toward us. Shortly after she sent a boat to us and brought us on board the vessel, when we found her to be the brig Nellie Ware, Capt. Ashbury, from Minatinlan for New York. Captain Ashbury did everything in his power to make us comfortable, and our thanks are due to him for the kind manner in which he treated us. My wife was badly bruised, and had very little clothing on when we were rescued.

THE BUTTER SCULPTRESS.—An exhibition of modeling in butter was given yesterday afternoon in the Commissioner's Room, in the rear of Judges' Hall, by Mrs. Carolina S. Brooks. The modeling of a *fac simile* of a human face was executed by the artist in the presence of several Commissioners, members of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee, and representatives of the press, the sculptress giving a practical demonstration of her method of taking casts in plaster of works of art. A quantity of butter, probably ten to fifteen pounds, was placed in a graniteware dish, and pressed down as compactly as possible with a small wooden, spoon-shaped implement, which, with another of like pattern, are the only tools made use of, and then deposited for some five minutes in a refrigerator, in order to give the material the proper elasticity. The work was then begun, and as the outline of a human head began to develop itself the artist occasionally consulted a mirror, and by noting the lights and shadows in the reflection of her own face, was enabled to apply these in the sculpturing of the face before her. The successful completion of the task was heartily applauded by the audience.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

—The Midway (Ky.) *Sun* says: We learn that several negroes started out to hunt coons near Harrodsburg, in Mercer county, one night last week. A quarrel arose between two of the negroes in the woods, when one was shot dead. His friends remained and took charge of the body, while the rest of the crowd proceeded with the hunt. A little later one of the negroes climbed a tree to shake down a coon, fell and was instantly killed. The coon fell among the dogs and a terrible fight ensued. In attempting to separate the coon and dogs another negro had his leg literally torn to pieces by a dog. He then killed the dog. The coon next succumbed to fate, and his death ends the list of casualties during that coon hunt.

Pennsylvania Election.

COUNTIES.	Governor, '75. PERSHING, D.	Governor, '75. HARTRANFT, R.	President, '76. TILDEN, D.	President, '76. HAYES, R.
Adams	3009	2477	.....	.....
Allegheny	13246	18246	.....	.....
Armstrong	3121	3605	.....	.....
Beaver	2703	3086	.....	.....
Bedford	3099	2906	.....	.....
Berks	13433	6864	.....	.....
Blair	3466	3711	.....	.....
Bradford	4265	6526	.....	.....
Bucks	7000	6713	.....	.....
Butler	3891	3796	.....	.....
Cambria	3399	2325	.....	.....
Cameron	476	552	.....	.....
Carbon	2728	2347	.....	.....
Centre	3504	2097	.....	.....
Chester	5005	7015	.....	.....
Clarion	3221	2196	.....	.....
Clearfield	3273	1819	.....	.....
Clinton	2598	1771	.....	.....
Columbia	3757	1643	.....	.....
Crawford	5526	6146	.....	.....
Cumberland	4309	3663	.....	.....
Dauphin	4764	6574	.....	.....
Delaware	2079	4075	.....	.....
Elk	1055	503	.....	.....
Erie	4744	6699	.....	.....
Fayette	4289	3472	.....	.....
Forest	319	367	.....	.....
Franklin	3954	4074	.....	.....
Fulton	981	684	.....	.....
Greene	2699	1517	.....	.....
Huntingdon	2605	2546	.....	.....
Indiana	1795	3640	.....	.....
Jefferson	2248	1923	.....	.....
Juniata	1771	1198	.....	.....
Lancaster	7581	12725	.....	.....
Lawrence	1427	2335	.....	.....
Lebanon	2608	3859	.....	.....
Lehigh	6758	4630	.....	.....
Luzerne	11435	9899	.....	.....
Lycoming	4641	3488	.....	.....
M'Kean	956	940	.....	.....
Mercer	4267	4911	.....	.....
Mifflin	1586	1446	.....	.....
Monroe	2630	662	.....	.....
Montgomery	8339	8364	.....	.....
Montour	1532	1002	.....	.....
Northampton	7248	4384	.....	.....
Northumberl'd	4067	3691	.....	.....
Perry	2448	2429	.....	.....
Philadelphia	47980	65262	.....	.....
Pike	1056	434	.....	.....
Potter	1019	1223	.....	.....
Schuylkill	9937	7699	.....	.....
Snyder	1369	1707	.....	.....
Somerset	1689	2989	.....	.....
Sullivan	719	336	.....	.....
Susquehanna	2951	3317	.....	.....
Tioga	1909	3933	.....	.....
Union	1177	1784	.....	.....
Venango	2940	2953	.....	.....
Warren	1740	2057	.....	.....
Washington	4763	4917	.....	.....
Wayne	2135	1854	.....	.....
Westmoreland	6242	4957	.....	.....
Wyoming	1610	1365	.....	.....
York	8285	5263	.....	.....
Total	292145	304175		

DEATH OF CARDINAL ANTONELLI.—A dispatch from Rome dated Nov. 6th announces the death of Cardinal Antonelli. The same dispatch reports Cardinal Constantine Patriza, Vicar General of the Pope, dying.

[Giacomo Antonelli, was born at Sonnino, Italy, April 2d, 1806. He was educated for the Church, and at an early age displayed marked ability. After entering into orders he filled in succession several important civil orders. In 1845 he was appointed Minister of Finance. He also held other important posts under the late Pope Gregory XVI. In 1847 he was raised to the dignity of a Cardinal Deacon by Pope Pius IX., under the title of St. Agatha. In 1848 he was Prime Minister, and after the assassination of Rossi counseled the flight of the Holy Father to Gaeta, where he negotiated his return, under French protection, on April 12, 1850. In 1855 an attempt was made to assassinate him. In 1867 he was made Curator *ad interim* of the University of Rome. In 1868 he succeeded Cardinal Ugolino as Dean of the Cardinals. He protested against the withdrawal of the French in 1870, against Victor Emmanuel's success, and against every revolutionary measure. The Ecumenical Council was planned and carried out by him, and he has been credited with the enunciation of the dogma of papal infallibility. At the time of his death he was Secretary of State to the Pope, President of the Council of Ministers, Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces and of the Sacred Congregation of Loretto and of the Consulta. He was virtually the Prime Minister of the Pope, controlling all formal and official transactions, and influencing all matters relating to the diplomatic intercourse of the Papal court with the rest of the world. He was one of the most gifted statesmen of Europe.]

A DEMENTED SON SHOT DEAD BY HIS FATHER.—In the jail at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is an ignorant mountaineer named Stephen Cooper, aged 55 years, who is charged with the clearest and most terrible case of murder that was ever recorded in Dutchess county. He was not legally committed until late on Saturday afternoon. He is a resident of the locality in the town of Dover known as Cooperstown, and was the head of a family composed of his wife and his mother, the latter 88 years of age, and a son, Stephen Cooper, jr., aged about twenty-five. Like many other families in the mountains of Dutches county, this one was of a low, ignorant character, and the members thereof supported themselves by doing odd jobs for the farmers thereabouts and by picking berries in their season. Some time ago the son, Stephen jr., became partly insane, and was at times abusive to members of the household, and in other ways was very annoying. Last spring he violently assaulted a man named Duell, a prominent citizen, and was arrested and sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary for three months, being released some time in August last. He had had several quarrels with the father, and on Monday had another, the result being death to him at the hands of the old man, who shot him on his own doorstep.

For some unaccountable reason, the father was not arrested for the crime, and the victim was buried a day or two afterward, without even a post mortem examination being made. Hearing of all the above facts, Coroner Richard Bayley of Poughkeepsie went to the scene of the murder on Friday, had the body exhumed, made a post mortem, and held an inquest.

—There has been a household tradition in regard to the propriety of salting a bird's tail before catching it, but Mother Goose has never hinted that it would be well to throw sand in the eyes of a bear. Mr. Smith—Mr. Jesse Smith of Ellis county, Texas, to be more accurate—has adopted this device with striking success. He and his wife were walking home one evening two weeks ago on the railroad track, and were talking about a tea party at which they had been present. Suddenly a large black bear crossed the track. Smith—Jesse, the aforesaid—though unarmed, was not inclined to desert his wife. A happy thought—sand. The soil was sandy, and gathering up a handful he rushed toward bruin and threw it into his face. The bear recoiled. Smith repeated the experiment and compelled the enemy to retreat.—Whereupon the ingenious and conquering hero took his wife's arm and hurried down the railroad track in the direction of the little Smiths.

News and Other Notings.

—The Centennial buildings are to be sold at auction on December 1st.

—A salmon was recently caught in the Susquehanna, near Harrisburg, weighing ten and a half pounds.

—Two negroes, named Hayes and Wheeler, had a fight in Charlotte, N. C., Friday. Hayes got licked.

—Pompey Graham, colored, of Walden, Orange county, New York, is 167 years old as nearly as can be calculated.

—A young man of Northumberland county, named Lesher, recently husked 120 bushels of corn in ten hours.

—John Barr, of Wellsville, Allegheny county, recently struck his sister in a fit of anger, and in remorse shot himself.

—A young man named Daniel Weidler has been arrested in Lancaster county for setting fire to four barns in one night.

—Monsignor V. Vannutli, Under Secretary of State, has been appointed successor *ad interim* of the late Cardinal Antonelli.

—This is a good season for bears. Six were recently killed in Tioga county, one of them weighing over five hundred pounds.

—Will Heilman, a promising young man of Little Rock, Ark., on Friday fell sixty feet from a pecan tree and was instantly killed.

—All marriages of Catholics in the diocese of Baltimore, according to the decision of Archbishop Bayley, must take place in day light.

—There is a Franciscan convent and a monastery of the same order, composed entirely of Indian converts, at Cross Valley, Michigan.

—The coal-mining town of Sugar Notch, near Wilkesbarre, was nearly destroyed by fire on Saturday night, the work of incendiaries.

—Rev. Mr. Murphy, a Baptist preacher at Meriden, Conn., has become a Roman Catholic, and will soon be ordained to the priesthood.

—Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, was recently presented with a magnificent oil painting of himself, by a few of his personal friends.

—A boa constrictor eight feet long was captured a fortnight ago in the hold of a ship that arrived at Greenock, Scotland, from the West Indies.

—The number of postal cards issued during October was 23,116,000, the largest for any month since the introduction of the cards, three years ago.

—Mrs. Richard Smith and two sons, of 119 Congress street, Brooklyn, have been arrested, charged with an attempt to poison the husband and father.

—Jacob Donaldson, of Washington county, while gathering nuts a few days ago fell from a tree, a distance of forty feet, and escaped with only trifling injury.

—Charles Stafford, of Meadville, for outraging a girl, has been sentenced to the penitentiary in Allegheny for fifteen years and to pay $1,000 fine—the full extent.

—The government has cost since its foundation a trifle over fifteen thousand million dollars. That is it started without a continental, and now is a billionaire.

—Mr. Isaac Ray, the father of negro-minstrelsy, died in Kentucky last Wednesday, in the seventy-second year of his age. He lived long enough to be ashamed of his offspring.

—L. L. Jeffords, a young man aged about twenty years, book-keeper for McOmber & Taber, of Parker, was suddenly stricken blind while posting his books Friday afternoon.

—Forty years ago the entire Catholic population of St. Louis, Mo., heard mass in a single chapel; now, it is said, there are 160,000 Catholics in St. Louis and about sixty churches and chapels.

—A party of negroes broke into the residence of Mr. Hausman, near Aiken, S. C. Friday night, and murdered Mr. H. and his nephew. After robbing the premises the murderers fired the dwelling.

—The farmers of Wyandotte county Kansas, having been for several months annoyed by horse thieves, appointed an extermination day, hanged two of the culprits, and drove the rest out of the region.

—The Hengle House, a second rate German boarding house in Little Rock, Ark., was destroyed by fire on Sunday. Two men—Patrick Shea and John Cooney—perished in the flames. They were both stone cutters.

—A confused dog at Wallingford, Conn., last Thursday, leaped in through a large pane of glass in the folding doors of the postoffice, and almost immediately leaped back through the pane of the other door and ran away.

—Henry Harley was lately arrested at Oil City, charged with fraud and conspiracy. The arrest grew out of the Pennsylvania Transportation Company affairs now under investigation by a committee of the associated pipe lines.

—Mrs. Bridget Fay, a female pauper inmate of Longford Workhouse, England, climbed up the face of the Workhouse like a cat and rang a bell at a height of thirty or forty feet for three hours, in defiance of the Workhouse Master.

—A passenger train going west on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, on Saturday afternoon, collided with a freight train, near Shoals, Indiana. An engineer and fireman were killed and several passengers sustained slight injuries.

—A Christian Convention is called to meet in Chicago this month, to which representatives of the various evangelical denominations are invited. It will be conducted under the direction of Mr. Moody and the pastors of that city.

—There seems to be an opinion now that the Centennial Exhibition will be kept open for a considerable time after the 10th instant. Such a course would be of great profit to the numberless trinket sellers, enabling them to "unload" to good advantage.

—The bones of a skeleton in a sitting position were recently exhumed by workmen near Salem, Massachusetts. The skull was of immense proportions. The relics were delivered over to professors, and now probably they are puzzling their wise old heads over them.

—Nine cars and a locomotive were precipitated through a bridge a distance of thirty feet on the Baltimore and Ohio road two miles east of Moundsville, O., Friday night. The engineer, Wash. Hamilton, was killed, and a strange man on the engine seriously hurt.

—A valuable mine of baryites has been discovered near Fort Littleton, Fulton county, Pa. There are thousands of tons of this valuable mineral used annually in the United States in the manufacture of paints, etc., which have been supplied principally from Germany.

—With the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, 464 feet in height, has hitherto been the most elevated building in the world. It has now been exceeded by the lately completed spire of the Rouen Cathedral, which is 490 feet high.

—A wedding occurred a few days ago at Corinth, Miss., in which the groom was a German Catholic, the bride an American Presbyterian, the attendant a Baptist, the clergyman an Episcopalian, and the ceremony was performed in the Methodist church before a mixed assembly.

—The Philadelphia *Item* of Sunday morning contained a lengthy account of an imaginary robbery of the Main building of the Centennial. The article gave the most minute details of the "robbery" and stated that $50,000,000 worth of goods had been stolen. Upon reading the account through it was found to be a gigantic sell, gotten up to make the paper "take."

—It is proposed to introduce [illegible] ing cards as being more easy to [illegible] late than the time-honored square original invented for the amusement sick French king. Instead of hav suit merely colored black and red, to be red hearts, green diamonds, spades, and yellow clubs.

—Ex-Senator Schurz was com[illegible] do a little fast traveling last week to keep his engagements in [illegible] and St. Louis. After filling his ment in the former city he left on a train for the West, and in two six minutes he overtook the regu 96 miles from Pittsburgh.

—General Giles A. Smith, a distin ed soldier of the late war and mos second assistant postmaster gen at Bloomington, Illinois, yeste served with distinction at the cap Forts Henry and Donaldson, and inth, Shiloh and on other field Sheridan, and was wounded three t

—A dreadful accident occurred six miles south of Gibson, Ill., on t uit. As Mr. Simpson and Fred were unhitching a double team, st at the leaders and Myers at the s bolt of lightning struck Simpson a horses, killing them instantly. M the fourth horse were only slightly

—Mrs. Cameron, of Hillier, Ca entitled to a place among the brave of the world. A few days ago she the ring in the nose of an infuriate while in the act of goring and tra her husband, and led the animal aw the dying man into an adjoining She then carried her husband to in her arms, but he was dead.

—About midnight on Saturday, married German named John Fe aged about 34 years, and employe laborer by a Democratic farmer Simon Cameron, residing near Maytown, East Donegal township, ter county, was attacked on Front Marietta, by three or four murderous drels and beaten almost to death.

—A vessel sailed from Norton other day, laden with Canadian na tures, mostly wood and iron, and ing furniture, farm implements, engines, and many other articles of which have already found a mar Australia. The shipment is under to be the pioneer of an extensive t which arrangements have already made.

—The Polanders employed at S ker's colliery, in Luzerne county, such unpronounceable names that the master has given each a tin ticket number on it and keeps an account books to correspond, so now when comes the Pole takes his ticket and his wages. They have been warned to exchange tickets or they will lose money.

—A gentleman named Jones c Harrisburg on Friday from Emma in search of his wife and daughte nine years, and found them living rented house. Mr. Jones had left home in Elmira, and to his shame wife eloped, taking the daughter with and met her paramour in Harrisburg they set up an establishment, assum name of Getchell.

—Friday morning, at Mahanoy servant employed by Matthew Ellis coal oil lamp on a trunk. A little Mr. Ellis, aged 3 years, blew down chimney to put it out, when it ex the flames catching to the child's c and burning it in a horrible manner. Ellis and a son five years old were badly burned in trying to extinguish flames. The youngest child escaped

—Seth Green, the fish culturist, years ago put some shad fry into a flowing into Lake Ontario, and adve that he would pay $25 for the first taken from the lake weighing not less two and one-half pounds. A fisher man, living at Sodus Point, N. Y., a shad in the lake a few days ago w four pounds, and has forwarded it to Green along with the proper affidavit.

—One of the most wonderful cities world is Bankok, the capital of Sam either side of the wide, majestic st moored in regular streets and ca tending as far as the eye can reach upward of 70,000 neat little houses, one floating on a compact raft of bam and the whole intermediate space of river is one dense mass of ships, ba boats of every conceivable shape an size.

—A Mr. Stundivant, wife and t children were murdered in their beds the house burned to conceal the deed Woodville, Miss., Wednesday. Two groes, who planned and executed the were captured, one hanged and the shot in attempting to escape. Many ored citizens assisted in the capture were with great difficulty prevented throwing the prisoners into the burn embers.

—Etienne Galdinot, now living in Fra lin county, Ohio, was born in 1776, Canadian hamlet between the St. and Montmorency rivers, below Q The great battle between the French English was fought near his father's and, although then only six years o remembers it perfectly. In 1790 he ped furs near the Niagara river, w twice wounded in the battle of Lane during the war of 1812.

—The Catholic Church in the S met with a severe loss in the death Dom Gabriel Bergier, who died re vannah of the prevailing epidemic Bergier was the Superior of the Bene Order, and was a truly pious and e priest, fully alive to the interests order, and by his courage and energ so far completed his arrangements have made his monastery almost a He offered his life a sacrifice for his men.

—During the progress of a fire in not long ago, two boys, who were ing it from a cliff, lost their balance fell over. One of them was caught small tree, and clung there till he was cued. He need not have had any trouble, however, for the other one tumbled the whole distance to the about two hundred feet, was picked injured. Probably neither one of will get near the edge of high cliffs soon again.

—A substitute for gunpowder has invented in England, in the shape of impregnated with a chemical compo of chlorate of potash, nitrate of p and chromate of potash, coupled little charcoal and tinder. The p rolled around these latter in the sizes for cartriges. The advantages ed are that no danger of explosion except from actual contact with fire interior of the arm is not soiled, less and less rebound are made than with powder, and less damage takes place humidity. Very satisfactory trials been made of the new material.

—The biggest tree in California is the Yosemite Valley. King's River in Fresno county is 5,000 feet above sea, and its walls, which are about feet high, are very precipitous. In valley a new grove of colossal red trees has been discovered. One of eclipses all that have been discovered the Pacific coast. Its circumference high as a man can reach and pass a line around, is a few inches less than feet. This is beyond the measure any tree in the Calaveras grove. hight is estimated at 160 feet; and of the top lying on the ground is 1 feet in length.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 10, 1876.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—This is closing day at the Centennial.

—The English sparrows put in an appearance here for the first time one day last week.

—Rain yesterday morning and strong indications now that more of the same sort will follow.

—An overdose of soothing syrup recently proved the hash for a Huntingdon county quaker.

—A locust pole 155 feet in height was recently erected at St. Vincent's College, Cambria county, in honor of the Centennial.

—A Somerset county man, named Hurst, killed one day last week in killing three hundred partridges on the borders of Westmoreland county.

—The grocery store of D. G. M'Cullough, at Altoona, was entered by burglars and despoiled of about fifty dollars' worth of goods, Monday night last.

—John Sitewine, of Henderson township, Huntingdon county, is anxious to find a purchaser for about two thousand bushels of corn of his own raising.

—James P. Stewart, Esq., Democratic candidate for the present incumbent of the Prothonotary office, Hollidaysburg, has been elected by about 31 majority.

—Messrs. Kinney & Campbell, druggists, Johnstown, Pa., desire to purchase one hundred pounds of ginseng. Call on or address them. [10-20-4.]

—The staunch, sterling and eloquent Democratic friend, N. Horne, Esq., of Johnstown, tendered the compliment of one vote to Hildward of that borough.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad has, for the past six weeks, averaged 15,000 passengers daily, to and from the Centennial, and without a single accident.

—Ten fine horses belonging to a man named Davis, residing near the "bluff," in Hollidaysburg, were struck by a locomotive the other day and instantly killed.

—Governor Hartranft has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, Oct. 30th, the same having been previously designated by the President, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

—The dwelling house of Mr. Franklin Ross, in Indiana county, was destroyed by fire, with all it contained, on Friday night of the family being obliged to make their escape with only clothing enough to cover their nakedness.

—The official majority for John Ryan in Blair county is 211. Even without the two counties, the balance would be sufficient to outweigh the whole loaf. Good enough Democrats to spare.

—A rumor reached us yesterday that a shooting affray somewhere north of town was the outgrowth in some way, but as we failed to learn any of the particulars we cannot vouch for the rumor.

—A man named Joe White was stabbed in the neck and cut across the nose with a pocket penknife by another party named Frank Brink, during an altercation between them in a bar-room at Clearfield, on Friday night.

—One of the great blessings which the people of this country should not forget to return thanks for in a special manner on the national holiday now approaching, is the overthrow of Grantism with all its attendant curses.

—Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup is a purely Vegetable Compound, innocent in nature and powerful in effect. For children it is invaluable, curing Croup, Whooping Cough, &c., in a few hours. Price 25 cents per bottle or five bottles for $1.00.

—A ridiculous citizen of this place woke up on the morning of election day and found himself lying on the road a short distance outside of Beulah and about three miles from home. How he got there is one of those things, he assures us, which no man can ever find out.

—Our radical rulers, with rottenness rank, soon be compelled to walk out on the plank that leads from stations official, and Tom Swank out of public position will sing hare sank—provided of course that Tilden's all "hank." For which let there be a grand national thank.

—A letter from Dr. M. J. Buck, dated Vienna, Austria, Oct. 17th, brings us the welcome news of his safe arrival in that city, where he commenced attending medical lectures on the day previous. His many friends in this county will be glad to learn that he is well and doing well in "furrin parts."

—The elegant stone stable owned by Wm. Lloyd, Esq., of Altoona, was totally destroyed with all its contents on Wednesday morning last. It was one of the finest structures of the kind in Central Pennsylvania, and cost right or ten thousand dollars. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is believed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—In the matter of rotten Democrats Blair can see Cambria and go several hundred better. In fact the former county, judging from the vote over there for Lemon, seems to be literally alive with them, and the Sentinel assures us that quite a number of them labored diligently to encompass the defeat of Messrs. Reilly, Conrad and Crawford.

—Altoona gave Hon. John Reilly a majority of 226, but went against Conrad to the tune of 108. All the other Democratic candidates received majorities in that city as follows: Blackburn, for Assembly, 238; Cramer, for Assembly, 349; Cramer, for Sheriff, 365; Stewart, for Prothonotary, 265; Eckels, for Poor Director, 157; Epler, for County Commissioner, 461.

—We have no doubt at this writing (Thursday noon) that Tilden has been elected, but as there are rumors to the contrary still in the air, we have deemed it best to withhold the publication of our paper for one day beyond the usual time, in order, if possible, to give our readers the gratifying assurance that the country has at last been redeemed from radical misrule.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* publishes the names of twelve citizens of that place, with a desire to hear from probably, who are ready and willing to accept the post-office now that Tilden has won the deal. We presume that Ebensburg will be able to trot out that many herself, but so far as heard from only five, including the writer hereof, are believed to have a hankering after that particular fleshpot. Well, all we can say is, wade in, and may the best man win.

—Tilden is elected and we feel glad enough to take the post-office, if we can get it. How's that? Sign for us—eh? Sure pop.

—Mr. Jas. T. Miller, of Scottdale, Westmoreland county, by mistake got on the Mail train east on the Pa. R. R., at Greensburg, Monday morning last, and did not discover his error until the cars were in rapid motion, when he jumped off and was thrown under the wheels, which passed over his body and literally ground it to pieces, the result of course being that he was killed instantly.

—In Hollidaysburg, about noon on Tuesday last, a young man named Edw'd Malone attempted to shoot a colored individual named Martin Minor, but the pistol was caught just in the niche of time by Mr. Miller, Pa. R. R. clerk, whose efforts to wrest it from Malone resulted in the discharge of the weapon and the inflicting of a slight flesh wound on the arm of the would-be shootist.

—The defeated aspirant for Sheriff in this county has publicly asserted that he will contest Mr. Ryan's right to the office, the grounds upon which he bases his hopes for success being the alleged facts so prominently and so recently brought before the people in the shape of affidavits—all which have been fully answered by Mr. Ryan himself in a solemn oath which no man who knows him will for a moment hesitate to believe.

—We learn from the Oil City *Derrick* that Gen. Herman Haupt, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Transportation Company and the seaboard pipe line, has resigned his office, and is now engaged in visiting the agents in the several counties for the purpose of ascertaining the indebtedness of the company for services in procuring releases. This checks all work on the seaboard pipe line, and it is not probable that any further efforts will be made in this direction for the present, at least.

—The doubt that exists about Tilden and Hayes with our sprightly young chicken the very duece plays, and the question that bothers is whether its best to let him crow loudly or give him a rest. But while stopping to think what's the right thing to do, let us disclose to our readers something not new, and that is that for clothing, of the very best kind, Wolff is the man to suit pocket and mind; so if you are wise, as we hope you are all, you'll not forget in Altoona to give him a call. Store on twelfth street next door to post-office.

—William Umbarger, a freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was run over and killed by his train near Bell's Mills, Blair county, Thursday morning. It seems, says the Huntingdon *Monitor*, that a portion of the cars were being shifted, when by some mischance he fell under the wheels of the front end of one of these. It might have been possible that his life could still have been saved, as his lower limbs only were crushed, but unfortunately the brake-rigging caught him in such a manner as to produce internal injuries from which he died in a few minutes.

—Ex-Sheriff John A. Blair, who by the way fought the good fight for Ryan and the whole Democratic ticket with a spirit and devotion we never saw surpassed, set up a bountiful supper or breakfast, as the case may be, for the watching and waiting crowd at the Blair House (the Democratic headquarters) about one o'clock on Wednesday morning last, and we only reiterate the sentiments of all present when we say that it was a feast that did honor to the generous hearts and willing hands of Mr. Blair and his estimable and kind hearted better half. Long may they prosper.

—We have learned of a wager made by a Democrat and Republican in this vicinity on the result of the election, the terms of which were that if Tilden should be elected the Republican was to trundle the Democrat in a wheelbarrow from the Cambria House to the Blair House, and *vice versa* if Hayes should prove to be the coming man. The Republican is evidently in for it, and we have no doubt the winner of the wager will insist upon a full compliance with the contract entered into. If he does it wouldn't be a bad idea to get out the martial or cornet band to lend *eclat* to the occasion.

—At the regular monthly meeting of the Poor Directors of this county, held on Wednesday, Mr. Isidore Lilly, the present steward, was re-appointed for the ensuing year, and Drs. J. J. Oatman, of this place and A. Yeagley, of Johnstown, were chosen as the house and out-door physician respectively. No appointment of counsel has yet been made. We are glad indeed that Mr. Lilly and Dr. Oatman have been continued by the Board, as they have both given entire satisfaction to all concerned, and there was certainly no call for a change, in their departments. Better men for the positions could not be found anywhere.

—The buxom wife of a sound Democrat in Cambria township volunteered not long since to do a full day's plowing for her husband on the event of Tilden's election, and the probabilities now are that she will have to take the plow by the horns. Being physically able and somewhat experienced in the business, however, we feel sure that she won't go back on her word if the occasion demands. What the duties are that will devolve on her husband in the meantime we leave our readers to conjecture, but as he has never been blessed with babies his task, it is fair to presume, will be comparatively light, although he cannot hope to get through with his work at a *spanking* rate.

—About half past 12 o'clock on Wednesday morning last a party of colored rowdies in Altoona made a dastardly assault upon a white man named Jesse Howard, whom one of the gang cut in the breast with a razor, inflicting an ugly gash three inches in length and penetrating clear to the bone, and when Mr. Howard turned to enter a hotel near by, the same black scoundrel made another pass at him, striking him on the back, but fortunately without any other effect than the cutting of an ugly rent in his clothing. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the arrest of the villain, and one of the party who is supposed to be the guilty man has been taken into custody.

—The Osceola *World* says that Harry Hooper and Thomas Jones were crushed to death in the Webster Colliery, on Monday afternoon, by the falling upon them of about ten tons of coal. What makes the accident still more melancholy is the fact that Mr. Jones' wife and four children are now on their way to this country, where they hoped to rejoin him and spend the balance of their days, but alas, to quote the language of the paper referred to, all that remains to greet the afflicted family is the earthly mound rising over the cold remains of him whose warm kiss of husband and parent the coming ones so fondly anticipate. Mr. Hooper was also a married man, and leaves a wife and two small children.

—Frank Jones, 31 years of age, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart in a house of ill fame at Latrobe, on Thursday afternoon of last week. The act was entirely premeditated on his part, as is evidenced by the fact that he bade good-bye to the proprietress of the house, who was in the yard at the time, and after telling her that she would never see him again entered the domicil, where he took off his coat, vest and boots, and laying down across the foot of the bed, with a chair to rest his feet on, pulled his shirt and underclothing up under his chin, and placing the muzzle of the revolver immediately over his heart, pulled the trigger, the ball of course piercing his heart and causing instant death. Crooked whiskey and women not straight were his predominent failings, and these no doubt had much to do with producing that terrible state of mind which prompted the commission of the fearful act.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A terrible accident occurred at Rough & Ready station on the Huntingdon and B. T. R. R., on Tuesday morning, by which a little daughter of Mr. Wm. Bigler, flagman and watchman at that station, lost her life. It appears that Mr. Bigler loaded his gun to go hunting in the morning, and had just came out of the house with his gun when a gentleman came along who wanted to take the train. Mr. Bigler set his gun against the house, and started to the station, but had barely reached there when he was overtaken by his boys, who stated that his sister had shot herself. Hastening back he found the little girl in the agonies of death, the ball having passed through her bowels. Just how it happened we did not learn, but very likely she must have thrown the gun down and in that manner it was discharged.—*Mountain Voice.*

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE!

CAMBRIA TRUE to the OLD FAITH.

Official Returns of the County.

Districts.	CANDIDATES..	Governor, 1875. Pershing, D.	Hartranft, R.	Browne, P.	President 1876. Tilden, D.	Hayes, R.
Adams Township		71	63	..	102	86
Allegheny Township		193	22	..	266	26
Blacklick	"	40	76	..	87	79
Barr	"	88	42	1	117	53
Cambria	"	48	148	3	53	178
Cambria Borough		181	7	..	209	16
Carrolltown Boro'		9	69	..	88	5
Carroll Township		198	20	..	243	21
Chest	"	136	18	..	181	15
Chest Springs Boro'		55	5	..	52	8
Clearfield Township		203	19	..	276	31
Conemaugh	"	47	102	1	38	38
Conemaugh, 1st ward		163	24	4	186	35
Conemaugh, 2d ward		116	21	2	120	39
Coopersdale Boro'		5	28	12	12	39
Croyle Township		113	71	..	116	90
East Conemaugh Boro		40	44	..	48	50
Ebensburg, W. ward		81	58	5	89	64
Ebensburg, E. ward		24	71	17	28	75
Franklin Borough		29	58	..	41	78
Gallitzin	"	82	21	..	90	28
Gallitzin Township		45	24	..	71	27
Jackson	"	48	75	..	76	120
Johnstown, 1st ward		72	168	10	81	223
Johnstown, 2d ward		42	100	7	46	139
Johnstown, 3d ward		69	59	2	95	72
Johnstown, 4th ward		66	53	2	79	92
Johnstown, 5th ward		67	101	16	77	135
Johnstown, 6th ward		49	86	13	59	115
Loretto Borough		46	8	..	51	8
Millville, 1st ward		19	61	2	22	87
Millville, 2d ward		37	80	1	126	71
Munster Township		88	10	3	110	14
Prospect Borough		46	7	..	53	12
Richland Township		67	98	..	74	108
Stonycreek	"	..	..	..	32	68
Summerhill	"	69	41	..	79	58
Summitville Boro'		24	7	..	24	7
Susquehanna Twp		78	47	2	71	74
Taylor Township		47	75	..	65	127
Washington Twp		199	33	..	271	45
White Township		55	99	..	53	112
Wilmore Borough		31	35	3	20	22
Woodvale Borough		20	38	4	30	54
Upper Yoder Twp		25	66	..	30	75
Lower Yoder		38	35	7	55	64
Total		2325	3399	117	4267	2989
Majority		1074			1268	

For President, Peter Cooper, greenback candidate, received 1 vote in Croyle, 6 in Summerhill, 53 in White, 30 in Wilmore, 1 in Woodvale; Green Clay Smith, prohibitionist, received 1 in Cambria township, 1 in Carroll, 8 in East Ward, Ebensburg, 1 in West Ward, 1 in Fifth Ward, Johnstown, 1 in Munster, 1 in Woodvale; and Walker, American, had 1 vote in the West Ward, Ebensburg.

Districts.	Congress, 1874. Reilly, D.	Congress, 1876. Blair, R.	Reilly, D.	Sheriff, 1876. Campbell, R.	Ryan, D.	Davis, R.
Adams	66	44	101	57	92	89
Allegheny	177	20	268	24	235	54
Blacklick	38	76	64	71	38	96
Barr	118	19	136	34	77	91
Cambria Twp	73	134	75	157	49	183
Cambria Bor	186	10	268	18	274	10
Carroll	217	15	243	21	230	33
Carrolltown	73	6	93	4	76	17
Chest	147	8	181	15	169	27
Chest Springs	58	1	50	8	44	13
Clearfield	203	15	275	31	256	46
Conemaugh Tp	38	68	28	88	23	43
Conem'h, 1st w	145	25	176	51	163	51
" 2d w	106	16	119	45	99	61
Coopersdale	9	37	13	32	9	41
Croyle	108	77	137	67	93	108
East Conem'gh	50	32	48	51	45	55
Ebensb'g, W. w	99	50	97	58	76	77
" E. w	46	69	44	62	39	89
Franklin	42	44	39	80	34	79
Gallitzin Twp	45	24	72	37	60	33
" Bor	95	16	88	29	85	31
Jackson	80	36	73	123	14	181
Johnst'n, 1st w	85	140	75	253	67	238
" 2d w	44	79	43	140	47	135
" 3d w	96	43	83	84	66	97
" 4th w	76	63	74	101	59	109
" 5th w	76	81	70	143	58	146
" 6th w	67	77	55	117	48	119
Loretto	49	7	41	12	42	17
Millville, 1st w	108	76	88	24	85	31
" 2d w'd			130	62	134	69
Munster	105	12	110	14	96	24
Prospect	48	8	52	12	56	9
Richland	82	55	78	103	62	119
Summerhill	88	42	84	57	69	69
Summitville	30	6	23	8	21	10
Susquehanna	82	57	114	54	77	90
Stonycreek			27	73	24	76
Taylor	42	73	66	122	58	129
Washington	234	30	277	52	259	67
White	99	84	74	144	61	154
Wilmore	42	36	40	32	26	45
Woodvale	15	28	26	20	23	55
Upper Yoder	22	50	31	71	16	52
Lower Yoder	33	34	45	74	45	69
Total	3733	1928	4335	2970	3892	3481
Majority	1805		1365		211	

Barnhart, independent candidate for Sheriff, had 1 vote in Conemaugh township, 1 in Conemaugh borough, First Ward, 1 in Johnstown borough, First Ward, 2 in the Second Ward, 1 in the Third Ward, 2 in the Fourth Ward, 10 in the Fifth Ward, 5 in the Sixth Ward, 2 in Millville, First Ward, 1 in the Second Ward, 1 in Taylor township, 3 in Woodvale borough, and 37 in Upper Yoder.

Districts.	Senate. Conrad, D.	Lemon, R.	Assembly. Thomas, D.	Sloan, R.	Dowdey, D.	Brown, R.
Adams	101	87	102	87	95	92
Allegheny	253	33	264	34	258	23
Blacklick	55	81	57	79	57	79
Barr	126	40	118	56	113	53
Cambria Twp	52	166	54	178	57	175
Cambria Bor	269	26	265	19	259	24
Carroll	241	23	243	21	237	29
Carrolltown	89	5	95	8	92	9
Chest	178	18	181	20	177	15
Chest Springs	50	8	52	22	37	7
Clearfield	267	40	282	41	264	26
Conemaugh Tp	28	38	25	39	23	43
Conem'h, 1st w	179	38	181	32	176	35
" 2d w'd	119	33	126	27	99	68
Coopersdale	9	38	9	41	9	41
Croyle	113	67	110	92	99	97
E. Conemaugh	45	54	48	49	49	52
Ebensb'g, W. w	87	60	89	70	84	66
" E. w	23	60	26	85	33	73
Franklin	39	40	40	77	40	79
Gallitzin Boro'	82	35	83	29	80	28
Gallitzin Twp	62	36	71	27	71	29
Jackson	73	122	74	120	71	122
Johnst'n, 1st w	75	223	79	237	68	236
" 2d w	44	139	46	138	46	138
" 3d w	92	74	87	74	71	92
" 4th w	97	75	95	96	69	106
" 5th w	60	143	73	141	69	144
" 6th w	57	113	52	113	61	117
Loretto	43	14	52	9	46	9
Millville, 1st w	21	88	21	85	23	86
" 2d w'd	125	70	127	68	121	72
Munster	99	21	109	17	105	15
Prospect	52	13	52	1	51	13
Richland	74	108	78	108	58	123
Stonycreek	31	69	31	69	29	70
Summerhill	77	65	81	62	75	61
Summitville	21	10	24	6	25	7
Susquehanna	104	54	100	76	95	69
Taylor	62	128	61	126	57	125
Washington	258	72	279	51	232	48
White	68	135	69	154	64	146
Wilmore	27	45	31	41	32	41
Woodvale	30	54	30	54	25	57
Upper Yoder	30	75	30	74	28	78
Lower Yoder	52	67	53	66	30	80
Total	4119	3098	4243	3157	3985	3240
Majority	1021		1186		745	

For State Senator, John J. Evans, Prohibitionist, received 1 vote in Allegheny, 4 in Blacklick, 14 in Cambria township, 2 in Carrolltown, 2 in the First ward of Conemaugh borough, 3 in Coopersdale, 28 in West ward and 7 in East ward of Ebensburg, 1 in Third ward and 2 in Fifth ward of Johnstown, 2 in Loretto, 5 in Munster, 11 in Susquehanna, 14 in White, 1 in White and 1 in Lower Yoder—making a total of 97 votes.

—We print elsewhere the official returns by districts on all the candidates voted for except jury commissioners, the total on which foots up 4,197 for Cramer, Democrat, against 3108 for Dumm, Republican. We may give the table next week.

	Associate Judges. Thomas, D.	Jones, R.	Flanagan, D.	Rutledge, R.	P. H. D. Wissinger, D.	Cunningham, R.
Adams	100	83	102	84	101	87
Allegheny	234	42	241	28	205	26
Blacklick	56	81	65	78	54	78
Barr	104	63	11	68	111	54
Cambria Twp	64	163	55	168	53	179
Cambria Bor	269	19	269	18	267	19
Carroll	230	23	242	27	165	95
Carrolltown	91	9	88	1	72	24
Chest	177	11	173	13	164	28
Chest Springs	47	9	45	8	49	9
Clearfield	243	33	270	32	209	57
Conemaugh	27	38	26	40	27	30
" 1st w	183	34	194	32	187	33
" 2d w	128	36	130	36	131	34
Coopersdale	10	40	11	39	10	41
Croyle	113	90	13	90	112	92
E. Conemaugh	49	50	49	50	48	52
Ebensb'g W. w						
" E. w	28	81	26	75	26	83
Franklin	41	79	39	78	40	79
Gallitzin Bor	67	27	72	27	68	30
" Twp	67	27	72	28	71	28
Jackson	85	110	70	115	73	121
Johnst'n, 1st w	88	226	91	214	80	228
" 2d w	44	136	53	130	47	137
" 3d w	90	60	103	68	93	74
" 4th w	74	91	81	89	69	96
" 5th w	76	137	79	137	70	139
" 6th w	60	110	58	13	57	116
Loretto	43	11	47	10	47	11
Millville, 1st w	83	84	28	84	21	87
" 2d w	126	67	126	66	127	68
Munster	97	21	110	15	108	16
Prospect	53	12	53	12	53	12
Richland	75	107	75	108	74	108
Stonycreek	34	62	48	51	31	69
Summerhill	80	59	81	59	80	62
Summitville	24	7	24	7	24	7
Susquehanna	96	72	94	67	78	88
Taylor	62	126	66	124	63	128
Washington	260	49	270	48	279	51
White	77	142	70	140	70	149
Wilmore	28	41	27	41	31	4
Woodvale	26	53	31	58	31	54
Upper Yoder	32	70	32	68	30	75
Lower Yoder	43	70	54	61	53	66
Total	4137	3020	4281	2960	4093	3227
Majority	1117		1117		866	

A WILD HUNT AFTER A COLORED VOTER.—A very interesting and exciting incident which we deem worthy of mention occurred in Clearfield township on election day. It appears that the only colored voter in the district indicated, and whose name, unlike his complexion, is White—Robert White—was a bone of contention between the adherents of both political organizations in that bailiwick, and as a consequence a great deal of good natured rivalry sprang up between the opposing partisans to which of them would secure his ballot, the result being that both sides took occasion to interview him at an early hour on the morning of the election. The first delegation that waited on him consisted of several prominent members of the Republican household, who in language quite plain sought to impress upon his untutored mind the innumerable blessings (?) which have been conferred upon him and his race by the reigning dynasty, and in return for which they only asked him to go to the polls and cast his vote for the candidates of the party which had befriended him so often and so bountifully. The White blackbird they were seeking to capture listened to the little story with all due complacency and attention, but positively declined to take any stock in their suggestions or entreaties. This rebuff was of course unlooked for, but there was still one hope left, and that was to prevent him from voting against them, which they proceeded to do by supplying him with a sufficiency of ammunition and sending him to the woods on a hunting excursion. This worked well enough until the Democrats found out that Mr. White had no intention to vote the Republican ticket, and conceiving it to be their duty to look after the political interests of the "man and brother," they appointed a committee to wait on him and ascertain if possible what he was going to do about it. The committee proceeded forthwith to perform the task assigned them, but returned soon after with the information that the White black bird had flown. Nothing daunted, however, by this turn of events, the committee was immediately increased to the maximum number of twenty-four, with instructions to interview the recalcitrant voter of African descent at intervals of twenty minutes each during the entire day. This duty was faithfully performed, fifteen or twenty horses being completely run down in the patriotic effort, but it was not until the pursuers had recourse to a flank movement that the last party succeeded in getting upon the trail, which they followed until late in the evening, when they had the pleasure of bagging their game a few miles this side of Rosebud, where they virtually took him by *Storm*, and rushing him off to the polls, and furnished him with a straight-out Democratic ticket, which they had the satisfaction of seeing him place where it will undoubtedly do the most good for himself and the rest of mankind, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude.

THE GAME LAW.—If the act of Assembly in relation to the legal time when game can be killed, and the time when a penalty is prescribed for killing the same, were to be published every other day, there are plenty of people who would still effect to remain in ignorance of the law. The following table, which gives dates when the game mentioned can be lawfully taken, and the penalty for taking illegally, will be found useful. It is small enough to paste in the hat, so inquisitive people on this subject should keep it handy.

WHEN LAWFUL.

Name of Game.	*From.*	*Till.*	*Penalty.*
Rabbit	Oct. 15.	Dec. 15.	$5 and $10
Squirrels	July 1.	Jan. 1.	$5
Wild Ducks	Any time.		
Wild Geese	Any time.		
Pheasants	Oct. 1.	Jan. 1.	$10
Partridges	Oct. 15.	Dec. 15.	$10
Plover	Aug. 16.	Jan. 1.	$10
Snipe	Any time.		
Woodcock	July 4.	Jan. 1.	$10
Bait fish	Any time.		$10
Black Bass	July 1.	March 1.	$10
Trout	April 1.	Aug. 15.	$10

HOW BARNS ARE BURNED.—An exchange says: "A gentleman residing in an adjoining county narrowly escaped being burned out a short time since. He was walking through the entry facing his horse stalls, when there was a snap and a flash under his foot, and in an instant a quantity of loose hay lying near was in a blaze. Fortunately a bucket of water was at hand and the barn was saved from ruin. Some one of the farm hands while working in the entry had dropped from his pocket a parlor match, which when trod upon ignited, and had not the owner discovered it, his barn would have been laid in ruins. Doubtless nearly every conflagration we are called upon to record happens by such careless means. A match is dropped about the building, is trod upon by a horse or other stock, the fire blazes up, the barn is burned, and "tramps" get the blame. Farm hands should not, under any circumstances, be allowed to enter the barn or out-buildings with matches loose in their pockets."

UNPRECEEDENTED BARGAINS

—IN—

Paisley and French Broche Shawls,

—AT—

HUGUS & HACKE'S.

Having purchased an importer's stock of Double and Single Broche Shawls at an immense discount from the cost of importation, we offer the same at about one-half their value. These Shawls are of the newest patterns and colorings, and comprise some of the finest goods imported. This is a rare opportunity to secure a handsome shawl at half the market price. Fifth avenue and Market street, Pittsburgh.

—We are sorry to say that we have to take back our prediction about Mr. Conrad being the next State Senator, but it is a consolation to know that we have been fully sustained in the assertion that little Cambria would have no part or parcel in his discomfiture, notwithstanding he was basely betrayed where he had more than an ordinary right to expect earnest and steadfast support. But such is politics in these degenerate days.

An institution for imparting a Practical Business Education. Young and middle aged men fitted for the actual duties of life. Students can enter at any time. Individual instruction. Large and finely furnished Halls and Offices. Comprehensive course of study. Regular and appropriate Lectures. Thorough Teaching—Practical Training. For Circulars address P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.—In the Supreme Court, in session at Pittsburgh, judgment was rendered yesterday in a number of cases, and as some of them are from this and adjoining counties, it may be a matter of interest to publish the whole list. Following is the record of yesterday's proceedings:

William H. Cooper vs. Martin Rist: error to the Court of Cambria county. Judgment affirmed.

John D. Roddy, *et. al.*, vs. Adam Shears, Administrator; error to Court of Somerset county. Judgment affirmed.

Samuel Fry and wife vs. Thomas Ray; error to Court of Indiana county. Judgment affirmed.

Appeal of Lloyd, Huff & Watt from the decree of distribution of the proceeds of real estate of A. B. Bain, under *fi. fa.*, by the Court of Westmoreland county. Decree affirmed, and appeal dismissed at cost of appellants.

Frederick Kreager *et al.*, vs. the Commonwealth; error to the Court of Somerset County. Judgment affirmed.

Appeal of H. D. Loober and H. P. Laird, guardians, etc., from the decree of the Court of Westmoreland county, distributing the proceeds of the real estate of Hugh Corrigan. Decree affirmed.

S. Philson & Co. vs. D. J. Horner *et al.*; error to Court of Somerset county. Judgment affirmed.

The above list includes all but two of the cases that were acted upon, they being in districts in which no person here is likely to be interested. There are several from Cambria county upon which judgment has not yet been given.—*Johnstown Tribune*, 7th

WAITING FOR HEALTH.—You might as well sit on your hunkers and wait for fortune to come to you, as to wait for lost health to return without making an effort to recover it; do you wait for your corn and wheat to grow without culture, or without sowing the seed and giving them after-culture? "Oh, no! that's unreasonable," you will say. No more unreasonable than to expect lost health to come back to you without making use of the means of cure.

Chronic diseases of the lungs ending in consumption; chronic diseases of the liver ending in a life time of sickness and shortened two or three decades of years, can all be cured by Dr. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, a medicine which strikes at the root of disease, and drives it from its fastness; which recreates the organs of life by renewing the blood with its life-giving properties, and establishing the reign of health and happiness.

Price of Lung Cure $1.50 per bottle or $7.50 per half dozen. To be had at Dr. Keyser's Laboratory, 240 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh. His private consulting office is No. 120 Penn avenue.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

—IN—

Ladies' Sacques and Cloaks,

JUST RECEIVED.

Hugus & Hacke have just opened a full assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Sacques in all the latest novelties of material, shape and trimming, including Matalasse, Basket and Beaver Cloths, which they have marked low, and would respectfully solicit an inspection. HUGUS & HACKE,

Fifth and Market streets, Pittsburgh.

OBITUARY.

DODSON.—Died, in Allegheny township, on the 27th ult., Mr. ANDREW DODSON, aged 79 years.

The deceased was born, and reared and died on the same farm, where during his long and useful career he led a peaceful and prosperous life. Endowed as he was with a kind heart and a gentle disposition, he fully enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, and now that he has been called to his last account it is hoped and believed that he has won the crown of eternal glory. Interment in Catholic cemetery at Loretto. Peace to his soul.

Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1876:

1. The first and final account of Thomas Griffith, guardian of Newton Griffith, a minor child of Griffith Griffith, late of Cambria township, deceased.

2. The first and partial account of Jos. D. Jones, guardian of William F., Mary E., John H., Jane, Gertrude and Fannie Nevill, children of

ROMAN MAGNIFICENCE.

If anything was wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralized games and grand processions, we would forget the statues in brass and marble, which outnumbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy; and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living, and rich furniture.

The art of using metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day.

In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in cookery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaic, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, vases, couches, banqueting, tables, lamps, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk ribbons, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in the Great Exhibition at London.

Wood and Ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan or China.

Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, taken from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered as a genuine sardonyx; brass could be hardened so as to cut stone.

The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. Perfumes and flowers were showered from ivory ceilings. The halls of Æligobulus were hung with cloth and gold, enriched with jewels. His beds were silver, and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture of his bed room. A banquet dish of Dæsil us weighed five hundred pounds silver.

The cups of Druses were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple.

The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined on golden plate, drank from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones.

They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marbles from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or curious in the most distant countries.

The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustive productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes.

THE RED SEA.—The following is taken from a letter appearing in the last number of the Bombay *Catholic Examiner*: "Unlike the waters of the Indian Ocean, which are of a deep blue color, those of the Red Sea are of a bright emerald green. No one, I suppose, even imagined that they were red; but some may naturally ask how it come to be called the *Red Sea*. To this question I am not sure that I can give a satisfactory answer. We know that the Yellow Sea of China is so-called on account of the quantity of the soil conveyed into it by the Ganate King, and the waters of the Black Sea, I believe I have somewhere read, are of an unusually dark hue, though the frequent storms to which it is subject would amply justify its present epithet. As for the White Sea of Russia, it probably owes its name to its being, a great part of the year covered with snow and ice. For the name of the Red Sea, I have heard two explanations: one, that when this sea continues calm for several days together, its surface is overspread with myriads of animalcules of a reddish color; the other, that the Arabian coast abounds in reefs of red coral. The correctness of these explanations I was not able to verify, as on the one hand this Sea was always rough, and on the other we never approached very near the Arabian coast. In the 'Lusiad' we are told that it takes its color from the bottom; but what this precisely means appears to me to be not very clear."

USE MILK INSTEAD OF SOAP.—A lady writing to the New York *Times* says: "Without giving any recipes for making soap, I wish to tell all the hard-worked farmers' wives how much labor they may save by not using such vast quantities of this article. For nearly five years I have used soap only for washing clothes. In all that time I have not used one pound of soap for washing dishes or other kitchen purposes. My family has ranged from three to twenty-five. I have used cistern water, limestone water as hard as possible, and hard water composed of other ingredients beside lime, and find with all these my plan works equally well. It is this. Have your water quite hot, and add very little milk to it. This softens the water, gives the dishes a fine gloss, and preserves the hands; it removes the grease, even that from beef, and yet no grease is found floating on the water, as when soap is used. The stone vessels I always set on the stove with a little water in them when the victuals are taken from them; thus they are hot when I am ready to wash them, and the grease is easily removed. I find that my tinware keeps longer when cleaned in this way than by using soap or scouring."

HENRY W. KANAGA. FRANK MACDONALD.

SEVENTH AVENUE HOTEL,

Corner Seventh Avenue and Liberty Street,

Terms, $2.50 and $3 per Day. PITTSBURG, PA.

One of the most desirable places to stop at West of the Mountains.

Accommodations for 300 Guests.

H. W. KANAGA & CO., PROPRIETORS,

LATE OF THE GIRARD HOUSE, CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA'DA.

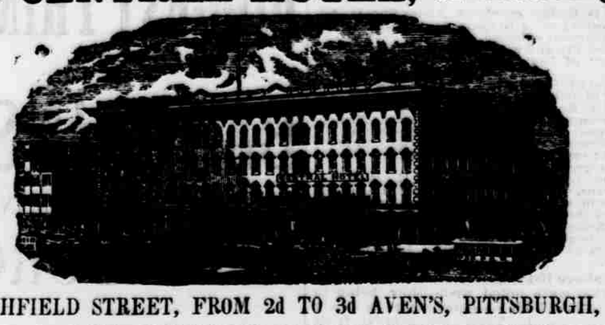
The above House, opened last Spring for the reception of guests, is most centrally located in the business portion of the city, and within two blocks of the Union Depot. The house is Entirely new and furnished throughout in the most improved style, and is in every respect a first-class Hotel, with all modern improvements, having the electric telegraph from each chamber, and in course of erection a first-class passenger elevator, with all safety patents attached.

Ventilation of the House perfect. Safeguards on every floor against accidents by fire. Practically Fire-proof.

☞ REDUCTION FROM THE STATED PRICES TO PARTIES REMAINING A WEEK OR SO. ☜

[11-3.] The Cuisine Department will be a Leading Feature. [2m.]

The CENTRAL HOTEL, of Pittsburgh.



SMITHFIELD STREET, FROM 2d TO 3d AVEN'S, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most centrally located first-class House in the city. Street cars pass the door every five minutes to all the depots and all parts of both cities. Terms, $2.50 per day.

Aug. 18, 1876.—3m. WALSH & ANDERSON, Proprietors.

Monongahela House,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

J. McDonald Crossan, - - - - - Proprietor.

Reduction of Rates:

Rooms, with Board, $3 to $4, according to location.

☞ PASSENGER ELEVATOR RUNNING DAY AND NIGHT, MAKING ALL FLOORS EASY OF ACCESS. SAFEGUARDS AGAINST FIRE OF THE BEST ORDER. VENTILATION OF THE HOUSE PERFECT. HAS THE IMPROVED ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FROM EACH CHAMBER.

This House is eligibly located on the corner of Smithfield and Water Streets, in the immediate vicinity of the manufacturing agencies, and commands a fine view of the Monongahela River and surroundings. [10-20.-3m.]

"LA PIERRE" HOUSE,

CORNER BROAD AND CHESTNUT STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

This House, most pleasantly located on Broad and Chestnut streets, has all the modern improvements, including Passenger Elevator, &c. It is first class in all its appointments. Price per day from $2.50 to $4, according to length of time and location of room.

STREET CARS RUN DIRECT TO CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

[10 20.-4m.] J. BUTTERWORTH, Proprietor.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths &c., to be found in Cambria county.

[2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

EBENSBURG

HARDWARE

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, IRON,

NAILS, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.

[6-18.] GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and examine the neatest little CHOPPING MILL ever introduced. It chops from 10 to 12 bushels of rye, corn or oats per hour. BUY ONE—IT COSTS ONLY $35.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND STRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your HARVEST TOOLS, which he sells CHEAPER FOR CASH than they can be bought elsewhere in Ebensburg.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for CASH at manufacturer's prices.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

THE BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than city retail prices. Sold for cash at [6-18-'75.-tf.] HUNTLEY'S.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE made. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

CARPENTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your TOOLS and BUILDING HARDWARE. Pay cash and save 20 per cent.

HOUSEKEEPERS GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best HORSE HAY RAKE ever introduced. CHEAP FOR CASH.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street three doors from High street. [aug.27.'72.]

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Wood Street, from 2d to 3d Avenues,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most centrally located first-class house in the city. Street cars within one square every five minutes to all the Depots and to all parts of both cities. Terms, $2.50 per day. Large sample room for commercial travelers.

[8 11.-3m.] J. M. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.

CARD.—HARRY JACOBS would respectfully inform his many friends in Cambria county and elsewhere that the undersigned firm, of which he is a member, has opened a NEW ESTABLISHMENT at No. 319 Market Street, Philadelphia, for the sale of the very best grades of WINES and LIQUORS, for domestic use, and will at all times keep an assortment (of the very best brands only) which will compare favorably with any ever offered to the trade. All persons visiting the city are cordially invited to inspect our stock. A. COBB & CO.,

319 Market Street, Philadelphia.

P. S.—We will also keep on hand a fine stock of choice brands of Cigars. [6-16.-tf.]

BONNER HOUSE, LORETTO, PA.—Having just completed and furnished this commodious and elegant hotel, the subscriber respectfully solicits from the public in general and summer visitors in particular a fair share of patronage. The house is supplied with all modern improvements, and has a fine ten-pin alley attached, as well as abundant provisions for the accommodation and amusement of all who may favor the house with their custom. Terms only $10 per week.

W. J. BONNER.

Loretto, May 19, 1876.-tf.

Iron City College.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most complete institution in the United States for the thorough practical education of young and middle aged men.

Students received at any time.

Address for Circulars containing full particulars, [9-13.-3m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

Boyd & Gamble,

ARCHITECTS

And Superintendents,

Germania Bank Building,

Corner Wood and Diamond Sts.,

[2-3.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [1y]

Miller House

LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

Cornr Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,

GREENSBURG, PA.

Very centre of town. Fronts the south entrance to the Court House.

[2-4.'76.-tf.] JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL.

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

☞ Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12.—1y)

SCIENTIFIC.

ANOTHER APPLICATION OF MACHINERY.—The little machine some time since invented in France, by the aid of which stenographic writing may be accomplished at the rate of between two and three hundred words per minute, is claimed to have proved a practical success. It seems to be very simple. There is a key-board operated by the hand, and composed of twelve black and an equal number of white keys; and on each side of the instrument is a large key, moved by the pressure of the wrist, and serving to give supplementary signs which simplify the reading of the characters printed. All the keys, when operated, produce indications in ink on a roll of paper, which is taken from a reel in manner similar to that on the Morse telegraphic apparatus; the black keys, however, give long marks, while the white ones cause similar dots to be transcribed. At each pressure of the fingers on the keyboard, the paper is automatically unrolled for about 0.02 of an inch, so that on each line any combination of twelve double signs may be imprinted, and these signs are arranged in three groups of four each, and read from left to right in the ordinary manner. The number of characters which may be made on each division of four is more than sufficient to require a single movement to form a single letter; in other words, with practice, three letters or less can be written at once. If the useless letters be suppressed, such as double letters, e mute, &c., frequently a single movement will produce an entire word. The manipulation of the keyboard requires about six months' practice to ensure skill.—*Pat. Right Gazette.*

IRON CASTINGS.—A writer in the London *Iron* on the subject of castings, thinks that the whole trouble of deficient soundness arises from the shrinking not taking place simultaneously. Given a casting of any complexity of form, there cannot, he says, be the slightest danger of breakage from shrinkage if the cooling throughout takes place simultaneously, and if the cores will give to the contraction. This latter necessary quality of the cores should be carefully attended to, as evidently, if the cores will not give, the casting must burst under the contracting strain. There is, however, great danger to the casting, when the cooling is not simultaneous, of many portions being placed under great tension, even to such an extent as to cause them to part. This simultaneous rate of cooling is very seldom to be obtained naturally in any casting. In a very great proportion of castings, the sections of metal are by no means equal throughout, and, even if they are, the inner portions of the casting are not able to radiate their heat away with the same facility as the outer ones. The rate of cooling is primarily dependent on the proportion of the outside cooling surface to the mass of interior metal in any portion. The rate will also, secondarily, depend on its position—whether surrounded by, or in close proximity with other metal, or whether to the outside of the mould.

EXPRESSION-GLASS.—In portrait photography a small mirror, called an expression-glass, in which the sitter can see his face, has been tried with success. It consists of a round glass miror about six inches in diameter, secured by means of a universal joint to a brass ring sliding on an upright rod. The rod is supported by a base, so that it will stand firm on the floor, and by means of the ring and joint the glass can be placed in any desired position. On the top of the mirror is a telescopic sight, to enable the operator to adjust the mirror in line with the sitter's eyes. By the aid of this glass the sitter is assisted to look in the proper direction to obtain the best view of the face, and is given a fixed point on which to rest his eyes. He also sees his face in the mirror, and may thus correct any infelicities of expression. The apparatus is said meet the approval of photographic artists.

BORAX AS A PRESERVATIVE.—Some recent experiments with a solution of borax, by M. Dumas, point to its value as an agent in destroying the spores of parasite plants, like those affecting the grape, etc., its power of destroying low animal life, infusoria and the like, its usefulness in preserving anatomical preparations and in arresting fermentation. It was also tried on milk and fresh meats with success, and is suggested as an aid in the treatment of wounds. S. Beer, of Germany, in the same line of research, announces the use of borax as a solvent in the treatment of timber. The coagulation of the sap may be prevented by a solution of borax, and it may then be removed from the wood by boiling. The timber is said to be greatly improved in color and texture, and in ability to resist decay. By omitting the boiling, and leaving the borax in the wood, it is rendered less liable to injury by fire.

THE ALTITUDE AT WHICH MAN CAN LIVE.—In July, 1872, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, ascended in a balloon to the height of 38,000 feet. Pevious to the start, Mr. Glaisher's pulse stood seventy-six beats a minute, Coxwell's at seventy-four; at 17,000, ft. the pulse of Mr. Glaisher was at eighty-four, that of the latter at one hundred. At 19,000 feet Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face; at 21,000 feet he heard his heart beating, and his breathing became oppressed; at 29,000 feet he became senseless. At the Monastery of St. Bernard, 8,117 feet high, the monks become asthmatic, and are compelled frequently to descend into the valley of the Rhone.

CALIFORNIA bids fair to rival Spain in the field of raisin production. Last year she sent to the San Francisco market twenty thousand twenty pound boxes of raisins. This year she will produce sixty thousand boxes, one vineyard of twenty-four acres alone yielding this season eighty tons of raisins from two hundred and forty tons of grapes.

TO ALL!

DR. SWAYNE,

The discoverer and compounder of the far-famed

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY,

And other valuable preparations, entered upon his professional career with the important advantage of a regular Medical Education in one of the oldest and best schools in Philadelphia and perhaps in the world. He subsequently served a faithful term of practice in the Philadelphia Dispensary, and for many years attended also in the Hospital. In these institutions he enjoyed the most ample opportunities of obtaining an insight into diseases in all their various forms as well as for ascertaining the best methods of their treatment. In offering, therefore, to the people of the United States the fruits of his extensive professional experience in the medical compounds as the best results of his skill and observation, that he feels that he is but proffering a boon to every family throughout the land, resting, as he does, confidently, in the merits and efficacious virtues of the remedies he herewith commends. The vast amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven "Dr. Swayne's Compound of Wild Cherry" the most efficacious remedy known, and it is admitted by our most eminent physicians, and all who have witnessed its wonderful healing properties. The Wild Cherry, in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known, has been justly celebrated for its wonderful medical qualities, but its great power to cure some of the worst and most distressing diseases among us, was never fully ascertained until the experiments of that skillful physician, Dr. Swayne, had demonstrated its high adaptation, in combination with Pine Tree Tar and other equally valuable vegetable ingredients, which, chemically combined, renders its action tenfold more certain and beneficial in curing all diseases of the throat, breast and lungs. Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry Compound strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy actions, invigorating the nervous and shattered constitution. It does so without prostrating or weakening the body in any way. It cures not only the lungs and liver, but every organ dependent upon a wasted or impoverished state of the blood.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

ABRAHAM HUNSICKER, two miles from Skippackville, Montgomery county, Pa., contracted a serious cold, which settled upon his lungs, with a violent cough, pains in side and breast, and short breath. The symptoms became very alarming; an abscess formed in the lungs and made its way through the side, and discharged large quantities of pus externally, so that his physician thought that the power or functions of one of his lungs was totally destroyed, and therefore supposed the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until he was wasted and worn to a skeleton. He was advised to make use of Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and through its use was restored to health.

In every section of the country there are persons who have been cured of consumption, in its several stages, by the use of Dr. Swayne's Medicine. Many have been restored to health after being confined to their beds, reduced to mere skeletons, and troubled with cough, night sweats, hectic fever, and all other indications of an advanced stage of disease. It is true that in all cases where cures are affected the patient must have some lungs remaining, but thousands of

VICTIMS OF CONSUMPTION

have descended to their graves who might have been cured if they had used "Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry" in time.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Isaac H. Herbein, Strausstown, Berks county, Pa., says: I have made use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry for many years, and it always proves effectual in curing long standing coughs and all pulmonary affections. I believe it to be the very best remedy of the kind in the market.

Dr. Thos. J. B. Rhodes, Bovertown, Berks county, Pa., writes: Your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry I esteem very highly; have been selling and recommending it to my patients for many years, and it always proves efficacious in obstinate coughs, bronchial and asthmatic affections. It has made some remarkable cures in this section, and I consider it the best remedy with which I am acquainted.

☞ Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. Sixth street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice.

Sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

Itching Piles

Are generally preceded by a moisture like perspiration; distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum, particularly at night when undressing or in bed after getting warm; oftentimes shows itself around the private parts and frequently females are sorely afflicted, extending into the vagina, proving very distressing. Cases of long standing are permanently cured by simply applying

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

HERE IS THE PROOF:

Dr. Swayne & Son: Enclosed ple use find one dollar for two boxes of your ointment for Itching Piles. These are for some of my friends who are afflicted with this distressing complaint. The box you sent me a year ago I am glad, yes, I am proud to say it made a perfect cure. I think its efficiency should be published through the length and breadth of the land. You can publish this if you think proper.

DAVID GROSSNICKLE,
Ladiesburg, Frederick Co., Md.

Read it! If you are suffering with this annoying complaint, or Tetter, and crusty, scally, itchy skin disease, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Swayne's All-Healing Ointment. It will surely cure you. Price, 50 cents a box; 3 boxes $1.25; 6 boxes $2.50. Send by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by

DR. SWAYNE & SON,
330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
Sold by all Prominent Druggists,

HOW TO

The most	London Hair Color Restorer
Reliable Hair	London Hair Color Restorer
Restorative ever	London Hair Color Restorer
Introduced to the	London Hair Color Restorer
American	London Hair Color Restorer
People	London Hair Color Restorer
For Restoring	London Hair Color Restorer
Gray Hair and	London Hair Color Restorer
Preventing	London Hair Color Restorer
Baldness	London Hair Color Restorer

SAVE YOUR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER OF COLOR is "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER." It penetrates the roots of the hair and stimulates them in the same way that fertilizing agents spread over the ground stimulate the grass roots and cause the blades to spring up in myriads, coating the earth with verdure. It may well be called the fertilizer of the head. To the barren scalp, or where the hair is falling, or becoming gray, dry and withered, "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER" thickens and restores it to its pristine beauty and color, and allays all itching, cures dandruff, keep the scalp perfectly healthy, and is a splendid hair dressing.

THE GREAT REPUTATION

which it has attained and the large number of testimonials which are constantly being received, are conclusive proof of its great value.

OWN HAIR!

☞ *TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED OF ITS SUPERIOR MERITS.*

☞ 75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SIX BOTTLES, $4.00—Sent by express to any address on receipt of price.

Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,

Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

Provisions and Feed

OF ALL KIND, TOGETHER WITH

WESTERN and COUNTRY PRODUCE

such as Fresh Meats, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, Butter, Eggs, Carbon Oil, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange Building, up stairs, corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

GOLD DUST.

Dissipation is never worth what it costs.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

A man may talk as a wise man and yet act like a fool.

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.

Choose those companions who minister to your improvement.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

A grave wherever found, preaches a short sermon to the soul.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

A man's opinions all change, except the good ones he has of himself.

Deliver us from the man whose tongue never made a mistake, or who keeps a note of the fact.

A good sermon or a faithful prayer does not require a large church or splendid audience.

Many a sweet-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the firery tongue within it.

Self-depreciation is not humility though often mistaken for it. Its source is often mortified pride.

Men preserve the fire by blowing it; so by diligence, we must kindle the gifts of God bestowed upon us.

God breaks the cistern to bring us to the fountain. He withers the gourds, that He Himself may be our shade.

The strength of a nation, especially a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

The smallest and slightest impediments are the most annoying; and little letters most tire the eyes, so little affairs most disturb us.

Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men's temper tolerably even. It is like the insect which takes the color of the leaf it feeds upon.

To be truly great, it is necessary to be truly good and benevolent, for other distinctions the clods of the valley will cover, and the greedy worm destroy.

Prosperity shines on different persons much the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

False happiness renders men elated and proud; that happiness is best communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and their happiness is always shared.

If you would have your son learn something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him know that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.

We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY.—Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

Hindoostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa is nearly the present dimension of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The Mediterranean, if placed over North America, would make an navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindostan, one-twelfth of China and one-twenty fifth of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about three times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk or Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than three times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea, Hudson Bay, rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf, and Ægean Sea, half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

LINIMENT FOR HORSES.—A correspondent says: Some time ago I was a good deal worried with a couple of horses which had sore backs. I tried various remedies without success. I was beginning to despair, when the following receipt came to my notice: "The inner bark of white oak to be boiled down in an iron kettle (never use a brass) until it is as thick as while boiling drop in a piece or two about the size of a hen's egg." This liniment is to be applied with a sponge and is good for any sore or bruise. In fact it is a safe thing to keep in one's barn ready for use when occasion requires. As I found this so useful I venture to send it for the benefit of others who may not be in possession of anything as good.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to others they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

OREGON bears off the palm for grain at the Centennial. It has a sample of oats yielding 88 bush. to the acre, and with stalks eight feet high; rye 60 bush. to the acre; wheat 50 bush., and spring wheat, 80 to 100 bush. to the acre.